

THE SATURDAY

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RHYME

Of the Birth-House of "Ik Marvel."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Blow from the rosy southland realms,
Oh, dewy wind, blow night and day,
And lightly stir the stately elms,
That guard these gables quaint and gray.

Blow softly from the shining west,
And meet the dreamy eastern wind—
Blow daintily, the house is blest,
For it hath shrined a master-mind!

But from the norland, wintry gust,
Cross not this quiet spot with frost,
For though the roof is gray with dust,
And half the pristine glory lost.

From the old garden's summer-space—
Whose red wall-rose hath trailed so low,
You scarce can see her blushing face,
The lilies have outgrown her so—

It was his home! From May to May
The child and flowers together grew
To fullest beauty, day by day,
Through life's young dream of sun and dew.

In this old hall there lingers yet
A whisper of his childhood sweet,
For here the pleasant echoes met
The patter of his little feet.

His mother kissed him in this room—
Here autumn's sunsets longest stay,
Shining across the hush and gloom,
Like boyhood's half-forgotten May.

Here first the startled dreaming eyes
Looked out upon the actual world—
Here his mild spirit-reveries,
In starry beauty were unfurled!

Not in his brain are thunders wrought,
That shake this iron-fronted age—
But poet, in the world of thought,
And prophet, on the written page—

He dwells among us humanly,
With noblest aims and gentlest deeds,
Sowing the broad futurity
With ample harvests for our needs.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.
In Norwich, Conn., Aug., 1857.

Original Novelet.

JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1858, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the
District Court for the Eastern District of Penn.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

There were plenty of intrusive friends to give Mr. Dexter advice as to how he should act towards the unhappy woman who had fled from him in despair. He was rich, good hearted,—as the world goes—honorable, domestic in his feelings and habits; every thing, in fact, that society requires in the composition of a good husband. The blame, therefore, among the friends of Mr. Dexter, was all on the side of his wife.

"You will, of course, if she persists in this unwarrantable conduct, demand a legal separation," said one.

"That is just what she wants," suggested another. "You could not grant her a higher favor."

"Wait—wait," was the advice of a third.

And so the changes were rung. Dexter listened, pondered, suffered; but admitted no one into the council chamber of his heart. There were some things known only to himself and the one he had driven from him, which he did not dare to reveal. The shock of separation had rent away a few scales from his eyes, and his vision was clearer; but the clearer vision did not lessen his misery—for self-abandoning crowded in with the illustrating light.

For awhile jealous suspicion kept him watchfully alive to the movements of Paul Hendrickson. In order to gain the most undoubted information in regard to him, he secured the services of an intelligent policeman, who, well paid for his work, kept so sharp an eye upon him, he was able to report his whereabouts for almost every hour of the day and evening.

Days, weeks, months even passed, and the policeman's report varied scarcely a sentence. The range of Hendrickson's movements was from his place of business to his lodgings. Once a week, perhaps, he went out in the evening; but never without steps directed to the neighborhood in which the object of his walking and dressing thoughts resided.

In partial knowledge of Hendrickson's mode of living relieved the mind of Dexter; yet, when viewed in certain lights, it proved a cause of deeper disturbance. His conclusions in the case were now the truth. Hendrickson's withdrawal of himself from society—his hermit-like life—his sober face and musing aspect—assumed only so many evidences of his undying love for Mrs. Dexter. That an impassable barrier existed between them—that, no things were, even a friendly intercourse would be next to crime—Hendrickson felt; and Dexter's clearer perception awarded him a just conclusion in this particular.

So far as Mrs. Dexter was concerned, the heavy curtain that fell so suddenly between her and the world was never drawn aside—never uplifted—for even moment. Her deep suspicion of herself was nun-like. Gradually new objects of interest—new causes of excitement—pressed the thought of her aside, and her name grew a less and less familiar sound in fashionable and family circles. Some thought of her as a wronged woman—some as a guilty woman—yet still with a degree of sympathy, for, be what she would, every woman at least knew that she was a sinner.

A year Mr. Dexter waited for some sign from his wife. But if the grave had closed over her, the isolation from him could not have been more perfect. He then sold his house, removed to a hotel, and made preparations for an absence in Europe of indefinite continuance. He went, and was gone for over two years. Returned, and almost immediately on his arrival, he took legal steps for procuring a divorce. Mrs. Dexter received due notice of these proceedings, based simply on her abandonment of her husband, and refusal to live with him as a wife. But she remained entirely passive. The proceedings went on, and in due time Mr. Dexter obtained what he sought, a divorce. Within a month after the decree in his favor, he returned across the Atlantic.

The publication of this decree awakened a brief interest in Mrs. Dexter—or rather in plain Jessie Loring, as she was now in legal aspect. But the curious public were not able to acquire any satisfactory information in regard to her. The world in which she lived was a *terra incognita* to them.

The next exciting news which came in this connection, was the announcement of Dexter's marriage with an English heiress. He did not return with her to the United States; but remained in England, where he established a foreign branch of the mercantile house in which he was a partner, and took up his permanent residence beyond the sea.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Six years from the day Jessie Loring laid her bleeding heart on the marriage altar had passed. For over three years of that time, she had not stepped beyond the threshold of her aunt's dwelling; and only at rare intervals was she seen by visitors. She had not led an idle life, however; or else would her days long ere this have been numbered. To her aunt and cousin she had, from the day of her return, devoted herself in all things wherein she could aid, counsel, minister, or sustain; and that with so much of patient cheerfulness, and loving self-devotion, that she had become endeared to them beyond any former attachment. There was an odor of goodness about her life that made her presence an incentive to right action.

Long before this period, Mrs. Loring had ceased all efforts to lead Jessie out of her self-imposed seclusion.

"Not yet, dear aunt! Not yet," was the inevitable answer.

The day on which she received formal notice that her husband had applied for a divorce, she shut herself up in her room, and did not leave it, nor hold communion with any one, until the next morning. Then, with the exception of a wearied look, as if she had not slept well, and a shade of sadness about her lips, no change was discernible. When the decree, annulling the marriage between her and Dexter, was placed in her hands, she seemed bewildered for a time, as if she found it almost impossible to realize her new position.

"I congratulate you, Jessie Loring!" said her aunt, speaking from her external view of the case. "You are free again. Free as the wind!"

"This does not place me where I was," Jessie replied.

"Why not? The law has cancelled your marriage!" said Mrs. Loring. "You stand in your old relation to the world."

"But not to myself," Jessie answered with a deep sigh; and leaving her aunt, she went away to her little chamber, there to sit in solemn debate over this new aspect of affairs in her troubled life.

aunt in token of love, passed quickly from the token.

"Dear! dear! what a strange child it is!" said Aunt Loring, as she wiped off a tear which had fallen from Jessie's eye upon her cheek. "Just like her mother for all the world in some things—the last part of the sentence was in a qualifying tone.—'Though,' she went on, "her mother hadn't anything like her trials to endure. Oh, that Dexter! if I only had my will of him!"

And Aunt Loring, in her rising indignation, actually clenched her hand and shook it in the air.

"It has come to this at last," said Jessie, as soon as she had gained the sanctuary of her little chamber where she could think without interruption. "And I knew it must come; but oh, how I have dreaded the event! Is he innocent in the sight of heaven? Ah, if I could only have that question answered in the affirmative, a crushing weight would be lifted from my soul. If he is not innocent the stain of guilt rests upon my garments! He is not alone responsible. Who can tell the consequences of a single false step in life?"

From a small hanging shelf she took a Bible, and opening to a marked page read over three or four verses with earnest attention.

"I can see no other meaning," she said with a painful sigh, closing the book and restoring it to its place on the shelf. It was all in vain that Jessie Loring sought for light and comfort in this direction. They were not found. When she joined her aunt, some hours afterwards, her face had not regained its former placidity.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Loring, speaking in what sounded to the ear of her niece a light tone; "have you got it all right with yourself?" Jessie smiled faintly, and merely answered—

"It will take time. But I trust that all will come out truly adjusted in the end."

She had never ventured to bring to her aunt's very external judgment the real questions that troubled her. Mrs. Loring's prompt way of sweeping aside these cobwebs of the brain, as she called the finer scruples of conscience, could not satisfy her yearning desire for light.

"Yes; time works wonders. He is the great restorer. But why not see clearly at once; and not wait in suffering for time's slow movements? I am a wiser philosopher than you are, Jessie; and try to gain from the present all that it has to give."

"Some hearts require a severer discipline than others," said Jessie. "And mine, I think, is one of them."

"All that is sickly sentiment, my dear child! as I have said to you a hundred times. It is not shadow, but sunshine that your heart wants—not discipline, but consolation—not doubt, but hope. You are as untrue to yourself as the old anchorites. These self-inflicted stripes are horrible to think of; for the pain is not salutary—but only increases the morbid states of mind that ever demand new flagellations."

"We are differently made, Aunt Phoebe," was the quiet answer.

"No, we are not, but we make ourselves different," replied Mrs. Loring, a little hastily.

"The world would be a very dead-level affair, if we were all made alike," said Jessie, forcing a smile, and assuming a lighter air, in order to less her aunt's mind away from the thought of her too painfully disturbed by the announcement of Mr. Dexter's marriage. And she was successful. The subject was changed to one of a less embarrassing character. And this was all of the inner life of Jessie Loring that showed itself on the surface.

CHAPTER XXV.

And what of Paul Hendrickson during these years of isolation, in which no intelligence could be gained of Jessie, beyond vague rumors? For a time, he secluded himself. Then he returned to a few of the old social circles, not much changed to the common eye. His countenance was a little graver; his voice a little lower; his manner a trifle more subdued. But he was a cheerful, intelligent companion, and always a welcome guest.

No one, not even to his old friend, Mrs. Denison, did he speak of Mrs. Dexter. What right had he to speak of her?

She was not solved them when the intelligence came of Mr. Dexter's marriage in England.

"I have news that will surprise you," said Mrs. Loring, coming into the sitting room where Jessie was at work on a piece of embroidery.

"What is it?" she asked, looking up almost with a start, for something in her aunt's manner told her that she had a personal interest in the news.

"Mr. Dexter is married."

Instantly a pallor overspread Jessie's face.

"Married to an English lady," said Mrs. Loring.

Jessie looked at her aunt for a little while, but without a remark. She then turned her eyes again upon her embroidery, lifting it close to her face. But her hand trembled so that she could not take a stitch.

Reflection a little sobered him. "Even if the divorce is granted, what will be her views of the matter?"

There came no satisfactory answer to this query. A thick curtain still veiled the future. Many doubts troubled him.

Next, in the order of events, came the decision by which the marriage contract between Dexter and his wife was annulled. On the evening of the same day on which the court granted the petitioner's prayer, Hendrickson called upon Mrs. Denison. She saw the moment he came in that he was excited about something.

"Have you heard the news?" he inquired.

"What news?" Mrs. Denison looked at him curiously.

"Leon Dexter has obtained a divorce."

"Has he?"

"Yes. And so that long agony is over! She is free again."

Hendrickson was not able to control the intense excitement he felt.

Mrs. Denison looked at him soberly and with glances of inquiry.

"You understand me, I suppose."

"Perhaps I do, perhaps not," she answered.

"Mrs. Denison," said the young man, with increasing excitement, "I need scarcely say to you that my heart has never swerved from its first idolatry. To love Jessie Loring was an instinct of my nature—therefore, to love her once was to love her forever. You know how cruelly circumstances came with their impassable barriers. They were only barriers, and destroyed nothing. As brightly as ever went forth love's strong impulses with every heart-beat. And her heart remained true to mine as ever was needed to the pole."

"That is a bold assertion, Paul," said Mrs. Denison, "and one that it pains me to hear you make."

"It is true; but why does it give you pain?"

"Because it intimates the existence of an understanding between you and Mrs. Dexter, and looks to the confirmation of rumors that I have always considered as without a shadow of foundation."

"My name has never been mentioned in connection with hers."

"It has."

"Mrs. Denison."

"It is true."

"I never heard it."

"Nor I but once."

"What was said?"

"That you were the individual against whom Mr. Dexter's jealousy was excited, and that your clandestine meetings with his wife led to the separation."

"I had believed," said Hendrickson, after a pause, and in a voice that showed a depression of feeling, "that busy rumor had never joined our names together. That it has done so, I deeply regret. No voluntary action of mine led to this result; and it was my opinion that Dexter had carefully avoided any mention of my name, even to his most intimate friends."

"I only heard the story once, and then gave it up," said Mrs. Denison.

"And yet it was true, I believe, though in a qualified sense. We did meet, not clandestinely, however, nor with design."

"But I talked with Mrs. De Lisle about her not long ago. Mrs. De Lisle is her most—~~most~~, and knows her better, perhaps, than any other living person."

"And what does she say? have you conversed with her on this subject?"

"No; but I have learned enough from her in regard to Jessie's views of life and duty, as well as of religious feeling, to be justified in saying that she will not consider a court's decree of sufficient authority in the case. Alas! my young friend, I cannot see cause for gratulation so far as you are concerned. To her, the act of divorce may give a feeling of relief. A dead weight is struck from her limbs. She can walk and breathe more freely; but she will not consider herself wholly untrammeled. Nor would I. Paul! Paul! the gulf that separates you is still impassable! But do not despair! Bear up bravely, manfully still. Six years of conflict, discipline, and stern obedience to duty have made you more worthy of a union with that pure spirit than you were when you saw her borne from your eager, outstretched arms. Her mind is ripening heavenward,—let yours ripen in that direction also. You cannot mate with her, my friend, in the glorious hereafter, unless you are of equal purity. Oh, be patient, yet hopeful!"

Hendrickson had bowed his head, and was now sitting with his eyes upon the floor. He did not answer after Mrs. Denison ceased speaking, but still sat deeply musing.

"It is a hard saying!" He had raised his eyes to the face of his maternal friend. "A hard saying, and hard to bear. Oh, there is something so like the refinement of cruelty in these stern events which hold us apart, that I feel at times like questioning the laws that impose such fearful restrictions. We are one in all the essentials of marriage, Mrs. Denison.—Why are we thus sternly held apart?"

"It is one of the necessities of our fallen nature," Mrs. Denison replied, in her calm, yet earnest voice, "that spiritual virtues can only have birth in pain. We rise into the higher regions of heavenly purity only after the fires have been. Some natures, as you know, demand a severer discipline than others. Yours, I think, is one of them. Jessie's is another. But after the earthly dress of your souls is consumed, the pure gold will flow together, I trust, at the bottom of the same crucible. Wait, my friend; wait longer. The time is not yet."

A sadder man than when he came, did Mr. Hendrickson leave the house of Mrs. Denison on that day. She had failed to counsel him according to his wishes; but her words, though they had not carried full conviction to

"We spent over an hour in her company."
"Was my name mentioned?"
"No."
"Nor the subject in which I feel so deep an interest?"

"Yes, we spoke of that!"

"And you were not in error as to her decision of the case?"

Hendrickson manifested no excitement.

"I was not."

He dropped his eyes again to the floor, and sat musing for some time.

"She does not consider herself free to marry again!"

He looked up with a calm face.

"No."

There was a sigh; a falling of the eyes; and a long, quiet silence.

"I was prepared for it, my friend," he said, speaking almost mournfully. Since our last interview, I have thought on this subject a great deal, and looked at it from another point of view. I have imagined myself in her place, and then pondered the Record. It seemed more imperative. I could not go past it, and yet regard myself innocent, or pure. It seemed a hard saying—but it was said. The mountain was impassable. And so I came fortified for her decision."

"Would you have had it otherwise?" Mrs. Denison asked.

Hendrickson did not answer at once. The question evidently disturbed him.

"The heart is very weak," he said at length.

"But virtue is strong as another Samson,"

Mrs. Denison spoke quickly.

"Her decision does not produce a feeling of alienation. I am not angry. She stands, it is true higher up and further off, invested with saintly garments. If she is purer I must be wiser. I can only draw near in spirit—and there can be no spiritual nearness without a likeness of quality. If the stain of earth is not to be found on her vesture, mine must be white as snow."

"It is by fire that we are purified, my friend," answered Mrs. Denison, speaking with unusual feeling.

Not many weeks after this interview with Mrs. Denison, she received a communication from Hendrickson that filled her with painful surprise. It ran thus:

"MY BEST FRIEND:—When this comes into your hands, I shall be away from B.—It is possible that I may never return again. I do not take this step hastily, but after deep reflection, and in the firm conviction that I am right. If I remain, the probabilities are that I shall meet Jessie Loring, who will come forth gradually from her seclusion; and I am not strong enough, nor cold enough for that. Nor do I think our meeting would make the stream of her life more placid. It has run in wild waves long enough—the waters have been turbulent long enough—and mine is not the hand to swirl it with a single eddy. No—no. My love, I trust, is of pure essence. I would bles, not curse—brighten, not cloud the horizon of her life.

"And so I ride—she comes forth into the world, and shall hide myself from her sight. As she advances by self denial and holiness toward celestial purity, may I advance also, fast enough at least not to lose sight of her in the far off distance."

"You will meet her often, from this time, dear, true, faithful friend! And I pray you to keep my memory green in her heart. Not with such bold reference as shall disturb its tranquil life. Oh, do not give her pain! But with gentle insinuations; so that the thought of me have no chance to die. I will keep unapotted from the world; yet will I not withdraw myself, but manfully take my place and do battle for the right."

"And now, best of friends, farewell! I go into the great world, to be absorbed from observation in the crowd. But my heart will remain among the old places, and beat ever faithful to its early loves."

"PAUL HENDRICKSON."

He had withdrawn himself from all business connections, and sold his property. With his small fortune, realized by active, intelligent industry, and now represented by Certificates of Deposit in three of the city banks, he vanished from among those who had known and respected him for years, and left not a sign of the direction he had taken. Even idle rumor, so usually unjust, did him no wrong. He had been, in all his actions, too true a man for even suspicion to touch his name. [CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

"An unpleasant truth is a draught that is bitter. As wormwood, or gall (there's no simile fitter): But a pleasant untruth's quite a different matter—Men will strain at the former and swallow the latter."

"It is a narrow view of things to suppose that a just cultivation of women's mental powers will take them out of their sphere. The most cultivated women perform their common duties best. They see more in those duties. They can do more. Lady Jane Grey would, I dare say, have bound up a wound, or managed a household, with any unlearned woman of her day. Queen Elizabeth did manage a kingdom, and we find no pedantry in her way of doing it."

"A coarse and slovenly teacher, a vulgar and boorish presence munching apples and chestnuts at recitations like a squirrel, pocketing his hands like a mummy, projecting his heels nearer the firmament than his skull like a circus clown, and dispensing American salvia like a member of Congress, inflicts a wrong on the school-room, for which no scientific attainments are an offset.—Rev. F. C. Hastings."

"Among the Romans those who were bald, and would not wear a wig, had recourse to a method quite extraordinary. They caused hair to be painted on their bare crown, with perfumes and essence prepared for the purpose. On one occasion a venerable Roman was taunted by another with the remark that he had no need of a barber for his head, as he could trim his hair best with a sponge."

"Adherence is a large element of success. Genius has glue on its feet, and will take hold on a marble slab. Out of a pine log, a Yankee will wrangle a Judge-ship, a seat in Congress, a mission to England. The first part of economy is to do your peculiar work: the second to do it by system.—Emerson."

"Beyond the river of time, walk the brave men and the beautiful women of our ancestry, grouped in twilight upon the shore. Distance smooths away defects, and with gentle darkness, rounds every form into grace. It steals the harshness from their speech, and every word becomes a song.—G. W. Curtis."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

All the contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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SIMPLE LIVING.

The hard times have brought up the subject of economical living, in England, as well as in the United States. The London Times lately discussed the question whether a "man" could safely marry upon an income of £300 (\$1500) a year. The London Standard says:

Although a very great deal of eloquence and calculation has been wasted upon this very knotty point, we must confess that it appears to us to be a very silly question, and quite fit to be clasped with the great Drapers' Assistant Question and the great Penny to the Waiter Question, and other great questions with which the great gun of the press is in the habit of amusing its readers. We imagine that considerably more than three-fourths of the married couples in this kingdom are able to prove (and by the boat of all proofs, by demonstration,) that a man and his wife can live upon considerably less than three hundred a year. The real question is how are they to live? and that must depend upon the tendency of the individuals towards economy or the reverse. There are couples who can't make both ends meet upon thirty thousand a year; and we have heard of ladies whose husbands enjoy still larger incomes, who yet owe more to their milliners than they can conveniently afford the money to pay. It is a mere question of degree. If people like to pinch and deny themselves, they can live upon much less than three hundred a year; if, on the other hand, they must live in jollity and upon the fat of the land, that sum will hardly keep them. Among all the nonsense which has been written upon this subject, none stands so conspicuous for absurdity as the letter of "A Happy Man" in the Times, in which that jocund individual proves that he not only contrived to live very well upon three hundred a year, with a wife, a child, and two servants, paying doctor's bills and all imaginable expenses, but he gave away upwards of five pounds a month, and still had a balance of four pounds annually. The proof was, indeed, according to Col. ——, but would scarcely have satisfied an experienced housewife; for it must be admitted that two pounds of meat, — and a quarter of butter, and poor measure for a family of five, whilst butter and several other articles, which are usually deemed to be necessities, were literally omitted from the account. Thus it always is with these cut-and-dried statements—very good in theory, but flimsy enough when reduced to practice.

We do not agree with the last sentence of the above, relative to what the writer is pleased to term "cut-and-dried statements." So differently are mankind constituted, that what one seems a hardship, is regarded by another as a mere triflfe. Butter, for instance, is considered by the Athenaeum a "necessary" article of food—and yet, to the "Happy Man," who has tried doing without it for years, it may seem the veriest superfluity.

Habit is everything—and the habit of doing without may become just as pleasant as the habit of use.

Those who have tried giving up the use of butter or of lard, of hot cakes or warm bread, of tea, or coffee, know that it is only

the first step which costs—that the habit of months soon reconciles the appetite to the deprivation; especially if the prohibited article be not brought upon the table. The statements of those who have tried these experiments of abstinence from expensive luxuries, from motives either of health or economy, are highly useful, inasmuch as they stimulate others to attain equal mastery over their appetites.

Well, Colonel, what do you think of this now?

Colonel—"I have caved in—I give up my errant."

The first speaker replied:

"Sir, I—It's a decidedly good institution, and I go in for it until the whole city is accomplished."

"Don't you wish you had your money back again?"

"Oh, no; it's gone with other losses; but we will get it all back, and more, too, in the rise of the rent of our up-town property."

"Yes," replied the other, "I have raised my rents already."

Both seemed heartily pleased with the enterprise, and over and over confessed their error in opposing it.

The above shows the folly of "going off at half-cock," as sportsmen express it—which seems to be a common fault with our citizens, in relation to proposed improvements. It is to the credit of the press, however, that they nearly unanimously supported the railroads. The tendency now seems to be to run into the opposite extreme, and lay a road down every court, and through every alley. Do not get too much excited, gentlemen—all city roads will be well located, and economically constructed and managed, will afford a lucrative return to their builders. Surely the public spirited citizens who stepped forward so nobly to save the trade of the West to their native state, should not be grudged even a large return for their money. At any rate, they should have fair play and a fair field—to make or to lose as the chances of trade shall determine.

If it be said that the removal of the tax in

—will insure partly to the benefit of the stockholders of the road, we would inquire whether that is not well also? So great has been the loss on the existing railroad investments, that capital will be very much indisposed hereafter to undertake the construction of any new roads—on the ground that no line will pay.

A few good-paying lines would be a direct benefit to the country by showing that railroads well located, and economically constructed and managed, will afford a lucrative return to their builders. Surely the public spirited citizens who stepped forward so nobly to save the trade of the West to their native state, should not be grudged even a large return for their money.

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PASSENGER RAILROADS.—The Pennsylvania gives the following conversation as having taken place recently between two of the most influential and active opponents of the city railroads.—They met on one of the cars:

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The above shows the folly of "going off at half-cock," as sportsmen express it—which

seems to be a common fault with our citizens, in relation to proposed improvements. It is to the credit of the press, however, that they nearly unanimously supported the railroads. The tendency now seems to be to run into the opposite extreme, and lay a road down every court, and through every alley. Do not get too much excited, gentlemen—all city roads will be well located, and economically constructed and managed, will afford a lucrative return to their builders. Surely the public spirited citizens who stepped forward so nobly to save the trade of the West to their native state, should not be grudged even a large return for their money.

At any rate, they should have fair play and a fair field—to make or to lose as the chances of trade shall determine.

RAREY'S INFLUENCE OVER THE HORSE.—The experiments of Mr. Rarey, in London, which we have chronicled in THE POST, seem to have been received with great interest. We observe that a card has been published, signed by the distinguished gentleman to whom Mr. Rarey has communicated his secret, vouching "that there is nothing in the treatment other than what all horsemen will approve—no medicines, narcotic or other influence, than sound practical common sense, and what any one of ordinary ability may effect with certain success; in fact, it is perhaps the only humane system in which the animal can be subdued without any risk of injury to man or horse, and is invaluable to the treatment of young and unbroken horses, as it cannot fail to tame the wildest colt."

For this hath Science searched, on every wing,

By shore and sea, each mate and living thing!

Launched with Doria's pilot from the steep,

To worlds unknown and lands beyond the deep!

Round the cope her living chariot driven,

And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven!

Oh, starry-eyed science, hast thou wandered there,

To waft me home the message of despair!"

If it be so, we need again such an influx of barbarism as overswept the Roman empire, to bring us down to the simple and natural laws and conditions of human happiness.

If we allow these earthly powers and utilities—these slaves of the mind and of the lamp—to become our masters instead of our servants, we deserve to have our boasted civilization overthrown by a new invasion of Goths and Vandals, who, however rude and ignorant they may be, shall not have departed from the fundamental conditions of a natural and healthy existence.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 173—

Adults 90, and children 84.

There is a great deal of preaching in this world, but very little of the kind the world needs most. Even religion, so-called, bows down before wealth, and sanctifies as the worship of Mammon. It is so generally considered that the richest man is the best man, now-a-days—that it is almost worth your reputation for sanity to call it into question. The lust of money is universal. Every man, pious and profane, is alike on an insane pursuit after the "almighty dollar."

"Bit with the rage canine of dying rich,
Earth's madness, and the loudest laugh of hell!"

Yes, the strife after riches is the lowest and meanest of all the ambitions with which the world is ensnared. Mammon continues to be the least erected spirit that fell from heaven." The mad desire for Fame, to be won in the camp, the legislative hall, the field of science, is comparatively noble. But the ambition to be rich— to get money, no matter how, so the money is got—is the lowest and most despicable of all ambitions. Certainly if our religious preachers have any spiritual insight at all, they might know this and properly rebuke that "lore of money" which is said to be "the root of all evil."

But degrading as the pursuit of Wealth is, the pursuit of an Independence, through a strict economy, is a very different thing. Independence is the opposite of Dependence. For a man to be independent, is to be no longer a man, but to forfeit his self-sustaining manhood. To be a Man, is to be the trunk around which womanhood and childhood entwine, and beneath which they find sustenance and shelter. But this cannot be, if the Man himself be Independent. Therefore to strive for a Competency—not by taking mean advantages of other men, but by a noble, self-denying Thrift and Economy—is every man's duty, and should be every true man's pride. From the high-living, and the mean-thinking which is so apt to go with it, we should turn to simple habits and high thoughts—such thoughts and habits as dwelt in Cincinnatus on his little farm, when the gorgeous environs came imploring him to shield his native Rome.

THE TONNAGE TAX.

We are glad to see that an effort is being made to revere the Pennsylvania Railroad Tax which the State levies upon it. The excuse originally given for this tax, was the interference of the Railroad with the State Works.

Now that those Works have been purchased by the Railroad Company, the tax should be abolished.

When it is remembered that the Pennsylvania

Railroad comes into competition with the Maryland and the New York Lines, the policy of bur-

dening it with such a weight is comparable to that of the man who killed the goose that laid the golden egg. The success of the Railroad augments the value of property in the whole State, and thus increases the revenue from taxation—and this is the fair mode by which the State should profit from the Railroad. But to tax the tonnage of the road, is to lessen its ability to compete with rival lines, and thus drive business not only from the road but from the State.

It is said that the removal of the tax in

—will insure partly to the benefit of the stockholders of the road, we

LETTER FROM PARIS.

LIVING ON A VOLCANO—A WARNING TO CABINIES—MODERN INGENUITY—ALGERIAN GRAPES—TURNING SWORDS INTO PICKAXES—ARIEL'S GIRDLES—WHAT IS WANTING IN RUSSIA—A BAVARIAN WONDER—MR. HOME AGAIN—AN EASTERN BURIAL—

Paris, January 28, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The wholesale killing and wounding which formed the subject of my last letter, has naturally been the uppermost topic here through the week. The journals of every political shade have been unanimous in condemning the deed; but the partisans of each different flag, if you talk with them in private, are all disappointed that the Emperor should have escaped. And although one would fain not be uncharitable in one's judgments, one can't help seeing that all the fractions of the population more or less hostile to the present government, regard the probability of such attempts being repeated as a chance in their favor. From private sources of information I learn that the Republicans are making ready for possible contingencies, and that the Orleanists have already completed a programme of the men and measures to be put forward as soon as the time shall come for action. The Legitimists are, no doubt, as busy on their side; but of them and their doings I have no certain and personal knowledge as in the case of the other parties.

The necessities of his position compel the Emperor to a course of restriction which he cannot now abandon, but which will snap asunder some of these days, in spite of his great ability, and the evident benefit that these eight years of his preventive police services will have rendered the country. When he seized the reins, such was the strife of party-faction that neither he, nor any of his rivals, could have inaugurated anything like liberty "of speech or action." Caenavigne's shipping off 12,000 people, without a shadow of trial, to the penitential colonies of Cayenne, &c., in 1849, shows that much of the oppression and muzzling under which France is now lying, is the result of the general state of things here, and not to be specially charged on Louis Napoleon. No matter what power had then gained the upper hand, or should gain it now, all the other parties would use against it every particle of liberty left them by the government; and if you hear the advocates of any other system discussing political chances among themselves, you are struck by their agreement in one thing, viz.—the absolute necessity of "paring the nail" of the other parties!

Louis Napoleon, a free thinker in matters of religion, and a warm admirer of the English Constitution, would, say those who know him intimately, be glad to unmuzzle the press, and withdraw his favor from the clergy, but he dare not do so, because he knows the whole influence of the church would be used against him, and the organs of the other political parties would join to overthrow him. Thus he is compelled to a course of policy which will probably suffice to keep the country quiet as long as his cool head and strong hand are at the helm, but which will crumble to pieces with the shot of the bullet that reaches him.

Two journals, the *Spectateur*, an Orleanist daily, and the *Revue de Paris*, a Republican fortnightly Magazine, have just been suppressed, and public opinion, as far as I can judge, is against the measures. But it is positive beyond the shadow of a doubt, that both these publications were centres of political influence and action, and in correspondence with their co-religionists in France, Belgium, Italy, and England. Louis Napoleon could not, therefore, let them alone; yet their suppression has naturally irritated those of all parties who desire liberty of speech, and deepened their aversion to his rule. There is no possible chance for continued peace for France. Her children will go on in the old way, alternating between apathy and revolution, until they come to a distinct perception of the suicidal character and tendency of such a mode of national existence, and hit at last upon some middle course capable of affording a common platform for all the friends of peace and progress. But when, and how, that result, so greatly to be desired, is to be brought about, is a question only to be solved by Experience.

Meantime no less than 50,000 votaries of B.^r. Geno, the patron saint of Paris, have been performing a pilgrimage to her tomb, and a sort of piety-and-pleasure excursion, by rail and steamer, to Jerusalem, is being got up by a railway company, and warmly urged on the faithful by the priests. The efficacy of such a pious ramble, and of *verses* and *Pater*s recited in holy places, is set forth with an unblushing assurance that makes one wonder if, after all, we are not living in the ninth century instead of the nineteenth!

An instance of a different species of benightedness has just occurred for the amusement of the multitude. The hackney-coachmen of Paris have an inveterate habit of sleeping on their perch, leaving their horse to find his way *ad eque*. The alleys of the Champs Elysees are just now very much cut up by "improvements" in course of progress: the fine drive of *Cours la Reine*, among others, having its gas pipes set to r. *église*, and consequently being cut across in several places to give access to the pipe in question. A few nights ago, a hackney-coach horse, thus left to his own discretion, took on himself the responsibility of setting off in whatever probably imagined to be the direction of his stable, when he suddenly fell into the ditch: his weight broke the gas pipe, and the blow of his hoof against the pebbles in the soil having struck out sparks from the latter, the gas took fire, and the poor animal was instantly enveloped in flame. His terrified neighbors awoke the slumbering coachman, who was as much frightened as his beast, and who, on perceiving what was the matter, jumped off the box and endeavored to pull him out of the cutting. The blaze and the cries of the horse and of cabs fortuitously attracted the attention of the police, who hastened to the spot, and succeeded, after shoveling in a quantity of earth to stop the escape of the gas, in pulling the poor animal out of his awkward imprisonment. T. Cabb protested that he was not asleep when the accident occurred, but that he had "lost his w^s," a plea which the police received with most evident incredulity; but in consideration of the fright he had owing to the unexpected illumination of his steed, and his narrow escape of a serious accident, they let him off with a solemn promise of proceeding against him "to the utmost rigor of the law," should he ever be found napping in the pursuit of his voca-

tion. In this country \$1,000 would have been appropriated, and nothing else of it.—*Ed. Post*

The work of re-stocking the French streams, nearly depopulated since "victims" of all descriptions have become so dear in France, is going on effectually under the care of the Government. In 1856, the Council-General of the Department of the Jura, placed the sum of \$200^s at the disposal of the Conservator of Woods and Forests of that District, to be employed by him in re-stocking its brooks and rivers with fish. With the aid of this small sum, all the principal lakes and watercourses of the Department have been replenished; the experiment having produced, from the eggs of the different species of fishes, 53,000 trout, 41,000 pikes, 34,000 perchs, 14,000 white fish, all of which are thriving to the heart's content of their present protectors and future devourers.

While France is thus getting on in the way of fish, Algeria is equally successful in its culture of grapes, the vine seeming to take most kindly to the African soil. Last year Algeria furnished above 11,000 gallons of a beverage which one of its ardent admirers, a well-known writer of *feuilletons* here, calls "wine of thunder, ripened by the sun," besides fifteen hundred pounds of grapes, exported for northern lovers of that king of fruits. Green peas are even now supplied to this luxurious people in mid-winter, from the Algerian market-gardens; and we may hope to derive more general profit from the proximity of this tropical garden when the railways now decided on shall be completed.

The French army in Algiers, which has already executed a good many useful works in the way of making roads, sinking wells, and so on, is now to be employed in making railways. When one hears of railways in Africa one feels that the world is getting on, perverse and disappointing as it shows itself in so many respects. Telegraphic lines are also in existence in Algeria, as well as in Egypt, Turkey, and India. Europe alone, besides the submarine lines, has already 37,703 miles of electric telegraph; of which Great Britain has about 10,000; Germany and Austria 10,000; Russia 8,000; Switzerland 1,503; Italy 2,500; Spain and Portugal 600.

The total length of wire is estimated at little short of 100,000 miles. The laying of the Russian telegraph is going on successfully between the Siberian and North American coasts; and will probably be in operation before the Atlantic line can get itself put down. The line, unfortunately, for want of continuations into the western part of the North American continent, cannot be made extensively useful for some time to come, even if successfully terminated.

It is curious to reflect that Russia, whose European possessions alone equal in extent all the rest of Europe put together, has but 179 journals for the instruction and amusement of her vast population. Of these journals, 132 are in Russian; 3 in Russian and German; 1 in German; 3 in English; 1 in Italian; 1 in Polish; 1 in Lithuanian.

According to a Report recently published by the Minister of Public Instruction in Russia, there are in that country 47 public libraries, and 3,672 schools of various kinds. The number of scholars amounts to 194,490. The private schools number 614, and number 21,893 pupils, under the care of some 2,087 teachers of both sexes. In the four Governments and the three Territories of Siberia there are three lycées, 71 public schools, and 2 private ones, whose scholars number in all 4,346. It may fairly be hoped that this vast country, under the intelligent sway of its present ruler, while substituting the stimulus of personal freedom and property in place of the knot of the overseer, will soon afford more ample employment to those two most effectual of all preachers the Editor and the Schoolmaster. It is amazing, however, how little some exceptional people continue to owe to the schoolmaster, or rather how skillfully they manage to unite the roles of teacher and learner in their own person. Probably very few among your readers ever heard of Johannes Michel Moser, a native of the old town of Ratisbonne, in Bavaria, and now living in the maritime city of Brest, in France; yet this same Johannes is one of the most singular and noteworthy natural phenomena of the day. Born deaf and dumb, and having received very little education beyond what he has contrived to accomplish for himself, he has acquired the most intimate acquaintance with fifteen languages—viz.: the fourteen principal living tongues of the north and south of Europe, and the Latin, which he writes with astonishing facility. He is moreover an arithmetician of the first order, executing the most complex and difficult numerical calculations with the rapidity and precision of a calculating machine. Of amiable temper, and gentle manners, he amazes all who see him by the extent of his knowledge, and the ease with which, by the aid of sign, or of writing, he converses with those who are introduced to him. As to his writing, such is his command of the pen, that he writes with equal facility all the European characters, and backwards as well as forwards.

The mention of this prodigy reminds me of another, of a somewhat different kind, and of whom mention has already been frequently made in these letters. Your countryman by adoption, Mr. Home, the Scotch-American "medium" who has been rather quiet of late, the story goes that he one day "shammed" some "manifestations" when the "spirits" were not with him, and that the latter were so angry that they came troping in to avenge the deceit, forced him to confess it, and then, to punish him, withdrew from him for several months, and was by some supposed to have lost his powers. But lately the "spirits" have come back to him in greater force than ever. Being at a ball at the Duke de —'s, a few evenings ago, the renowned "medium" was sitting by himself, with a grave face, watching the gazing crowd, when a young belle approached him.

"Monsieur," said the young lady, playing gracefully with her fan and her bouquet, and bestowing the sweetest of smiles on the necromancer, by way, no doubt, of tempering the haziness of the blow she was about to inflict, "Monsieur, I have long desired to make your acquaintance, because I really do not believe one word of all the wonderful stories that are told about you! But I should be delighted to be convinced of their truth. Would you, therefore, be so very good as to give me some evidence of your power?"

"Very willingly, madame," replied Mr. Home, who is far from being so condescending in general, but who was perhaps mollified by the grace and beauty of the young lady. "Do me the fa-

vor to pass into this boudoir, and then tell me what you see." So saying, he led the way into a beautiful little room, opening out of the ballroom, and motioned the lady to take a seat on a sofa, opposite to which was a large mirror. "Do you recognize that gentleman?" presently demanded Mr. Home.

"What gentleman?" inquired the young lady, astonished at the question.

"Look in the mirror," returned Mr. Home. The lady did so, and gave a start of surprise.

"Look still on the mirror," continued Mr. Home: "you will see all of the five gentlemen who offered themselves to you in the course of last week. They will appear one after the other."

The young lady was speechless with amazement, for she had exactly that number of declarations during that time, and all these would-be husbands now appeared, one by one, in the glass.

"It is most marvellous!" exclaimed the young lady, when the last had disappeared.

"Look again," said the medium, "perhaps you may be able to see the one whom you ought to accept, and thus an experiment begun by you for your amusement may become really a useful instruction."

After looking for some time in the glass, the young lady declared that she saw nothing.

"That may be a valuable warning," returned Mr. Home. "Look again: you may see some one else as your destined husband."

The lady did so, and presently uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"I see another gentleman," she exclaimed, "but he is not here to-night, nor had I any reason to suppose—" she stopped with a smile and a slight blush.

"That he would place himself on the list of your admirers?" continued Mr. Home, completing her unfinished sentence. The lady smiled her assent.

"You see the counsel given you by the mirror," remarked Mr. Home, as he quitted the lady with a bow.

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A HUNT FOR A HEART.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I never could think I had beauty of face,
I am not an Adonis I know;
So when Nature appointed each one to a place,
She did not place me in the show.
I have seldom known much of poetic insanity—
Even that did not come in my part—
Yet I often have thought (for each has his own vanity)
That I truly possessed a whole heart.

I have thought so because I have felt something throb—
bing.

At sight of another in woe;

I have thought so, because there was nothing like rob—
bing.

It would ever conceal I should.

It will open my purse to a stranger in sorrow,

Who quite often from sight will remain,

Yet should the same stranger come moaning to-mor—
row,

I believe it would lead him again.

I have thought I'd a heart, for on many occasions

I could not pass on like another,

Who would turn off appeals with a simple evasion—

Something said, "go and raise up your brother."

It has drawn me in fight in defense of the weak—

Sometimes even when foes were double—

Where after great trials to hear myself speak,

I've been simply knocked down for my trouble!

It has caused me to watch over others in pain,

To take almost a fatherly part—

And as in return I never got aught of gain,

Why I always will think I've a heart.

When by constant exertion I'd gathered some wealth,

Enough, as I thought, for my life,

As I still was quite youthful, and still had my health,

I concluded to seek for a wife.

As I knew I was not handsome—said I to myself,

I must look not for beauty to love me;

As I never had talents, and but little grace,

I'm afraid one so blessed is above me.

As I have enough for myself and another,

She need not have wealth on her part,

But I am determined to fall altogether,

Or else to find one with a heart.

So I called on Miss Sallie, a lady near by,

Who could certainly not boast of status,

But who willingly would, I could see by her eye,

And the way she harped on our relation:

I saw how she cut her poor friend—"they were

course—!"

I saw so much base, heartless pride,

That I thought, "should I ever place you on a horse,

I certainly know where you'll ride!"

She seemed slightly miffed when one evening I rose

And took up my hat to depart,

"Are you going to leave us?" said she with a smile;

"Yes! Miss Sallie, to hunt for a heart!"

Although through my life, both by habit and choice,

My range had been most "mid demesne,"

I thought that for change I would alter my course,

And that this time I'd try aristocracy;

As I had—by the greatest good fortune on earth—

A friend who could do me the honor.

I was duly conducted, and gently put down

By the sweet Miss Eudora O'Connor.

I found in her one who by nature was gifted

With a generous heart and a mind,

But both were so starved, and the selfish so lifted,

They required a long search to find.

'Twas the earliest precept they taught to her youth,

A part of her mid-education,

That an impulse of nature, an undisguised truth,

Were two things unsuited her station.

The merchant who placed eighteen signs round his

door,

Determined that he would reveal it,

Took not half so much pains as did sweet Miss Eudor'

With her mind—in the hope to conceal it!

Disappointed, again I prepared to depart,

I was sorry, yet could not but choose it,

For where's the advantage in finding a heart

If you're sure that you never could use it?

I picked up a family paper one day,

And turned to the sweet Poet's Gern;

I read there so diamally mournful a lay,

That it must have been done by a mourner.

I pitted the mind that conceived such a scene,

I pitted the frell hand that drew it,

In what depths of affection that poor one had been,

How much heart had this piece—if one knew it.

I looked for the name, and it was "Edele Dell,"

Then I said—before long I will see,

If she who can write of affection so well,

Will not have just a little for me—

I saw the fair Edele—by the way, somewhat older

Than my fancy had made her to be,

Her form also taller, her carriage much bolder,

Her converse more easy and free.

She talked of ideas as a farmer of wheat—

Or a gross of business commodities—

I quoted a stanza, she counted the feet,

Now thoughts were to her only oddities.

She asked my opinion of "Waitings and Cries;"

I told her I never had read it,—

She threw up her hands, then looked into my eyes

To see if I quailed when I said it.

Now I cannot truly understand all

That Poets write in song,

Yet often when younger I've felt a tear fall

As some deep gilding thought came along,

And I've said, at such times "twas a glorious station,

And surely a heaven-born art,

And that he succeeds in the noble vocation

Must be always possessed of a heart

So I mentally said—"Pare you, Edele Dell,

I should do you much harm if I stayed,

You certainly do not own much of a heart.

And you all you've got in your trade!"

As I've no more to say I believe I will stop,

I have failed—not for want of some trials;

But I've one of those natures so brimful of hope

That it bears a good many denials.

Should any fair reader be so very kind

As to give me her aid in my part,

Her favor shall always be fresh in my mind

As a scene in the hunt of a heart.

EDGAR WYAND.

AN ENGLISH DOMAIN.—A correspondent of the New York Independent, thus describes the domain of the Duke of Devonshire, recently deceased. "The domain of the Duke would cover one of our largest counties. The park immediately surrounding the palace is eleven miles in circumference, and contains 3,000 acres.

"The principal garden for vegetables, fruits, green-houses, etc., is twenty five acres. There are thirty green-houses, each from fifty to seventy-five feet long. We went into three or four containing nothing but pine-apples, ripe; others contain nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach-tree on the glass wall measures fifty-one feet in width and fifteen feet high, and bears one thousand peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grape-houses, five or six in all, are 600 feet long, and 200 feet wide. We saw pine-apples weighing ten or fifteen pounds each. One green-house has only figs, another only mushrooms.

"But what shall be said of the great conservatory, filled with every variety of tropical plants? It is one of the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, is 100 feet high, of oval shape, and cost \$500,000. It is heated by steam and hot-water pipes, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes 600 tons of coal in a year. We saw banana trees twenty feet high, with clusters of fruit, sugar-cane, coffee-trees, bamboo, and in short, every tropical plant that can be named. Several of the palm-trees are from fifty to sixty feet high. The smoke of an immense fire underneath, is carried in pipes under ground to an outlet in the woods. The coal is brought in a tunnel 600 yards under ground. One fountain throws a jet of water to the height of 275 feet."

HOUSE GARDENS.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Some writer speaks of it as one of the most essential things for human happiness, to "cultivate a thick undergrowth of small pleasures."

In the line of this undergrowth lies the whole subject of house ornamentation. It is not sufficient that a house be so arranged as to be neat, warm, light, comfortable—it is capable, furthermore, of producing above all this, in the home atmosphere, a constant gentle influx of pleasure, which soothes the nerves and insensibly rests the soul.

A house should, in this respect, be like the great house of Nature which our heavenly Father has provided, in which, over and above the uses of everything, there is a constant emanation of beauty, so that the eye and the senses are constantly soothed and refreshed.

But many persons, on hearing this, begin instantly to feel in their pockets, and to talk of the expensiveness of good pictures and engravings, the necessity of securing essentials first, and the costliness of necessary living, which, according to them, utterly forecloses the possibility of any provision for the esthetic facilities in their household arrangements.

Without stopping to say how much of what is called necessary in ordinary housekeeping might be saved, from upholstery and needless or unhealthy table luxury, and given to a genial art culture and house ornamentation, we intend now to treat of a very humble and cheap form of the subject, namely, house ornamentation—by adopting therein and therabouts Nature's elegancies ready-made.

Plants, flowers, grasses, mosses, ferns, are ornaments ready-made, which God gives us for the picking up, and which it is inexcusable to neglect—which may be so distributed about our households as to be a constant suggestion to us of the inexhaustible freshness and beauty of our Father's works.

We have seen with delight, and many others beside us may have coveted, those splendid parlor-gardens, in which hot-house plants, arranged under a glass shade, grow and flourish without giving to anybody the care of watering or tending. But these charming arrangements range at a price between twenty-five and fifty dollars, and are therefore wholly out of proportion to the means of those in humble and moderate circumstances.

But when we turn away with a sigh, let us ask, after all—Are there no wild-wood mosses, no tiny vines, no grasses in the neighboring marsh or field, which we might combine together under glass of a less expensive construction, and realize all the pleasures of these more costly arrangements. The featherly lycopodium of the green-house is trodden under foot as a common moss in Italy, and we have many a moist and wild-vine whose effect is quite as beautiful. A lady of our acquaintance has, in her parlor, a plain glass case, opening with a hinged lid, something like a milliner's show-case. The bottom of this has a zinc pan about three inches deep, and this recepable grows and flourishes ferns, mosses, wild-vines, and berries, with all the freedom and abundance of their native woods. The expense of such a case is from five to seven dollars, and any carpenter can make it.

Suppose that our city friends, in their summer vacation in the country, provide themselves with a receptacle like this—all the pan when you get them with a wood mould, such as you find at the root of a dense clump of trees—mix this with finely broken charcoal, for which you may make interest at the cooking-stove of any of your culinary acquaintances. The object of this charcoal is to prevent all sourness and unhealthy fermentation, which may prevent growth in its incipient stages. Here, then, you have a foundation on which, from time to time, you work.

You mould your soil to mimic mountains and valleys—you find a mossy stone in one walk, and forthwith erect it into a mountain—you happen to have a great sea shell, and you put that in and plant full of delicate ferns—the thing grows daily under your eyes, and your children begin to look through the woods with awakened eyes—every day you find something new, and arrangements and re-arrangements vary every day. In the autumn you enclose your treasure in a packing-box, with only the precaution of pasting a strip or two of paper across each pane of glass to prevent their being cracked with the vibration, and seeing that your treasure is kept "This side up with care,"—and when you get home you have a fragment of the wild-wood in your parlor, which asks little light, little care; only perhaps a thorough sprinkling once a week, and will keep on silently growing all winter. Such a case set by the sickbed of an invalid is a priceless treasure: for the thousand varieties of woodland life, as it were, epitomized in it—here scarlet partridge-berrries, from day to day, grow larger and redder—there a feathery moss begins to put out new tips, or a hooded one gradually changes its sober brown cap for a cap of brilliant scarlet. All this has collected them, one has no idea of the inexhaustible variety and quaint beauty of mosses. They are not read at a glance like plants and flowers, but will bear infinite pondering. They are a peculiar generation, flowering and bearing seed in strange, hidden ways of their own, and the creeping, silent perseverance of their growth has a soothing effect on one who studies them.

But even without the glass case one may do something very pleasing in the way of house culture of mosses. We could narrate in a very successful experiment in which a superannuated old washer was the only available foundation. Earth mixed with broken charcoal was the substratum, and moss being added, well drenched with water, an artificial swamp was formed, in which pitcher-plants and a variety of aquatic tribes of the same general water-loving taste and turn throng harmoniously together. Moss has the good properties of a sponge, it is an admirable receptacle for water, and the roots of aquatic plants will run away with it greater satisfaction than even in the earth. The common garden forget-me-not is a water plant which thrives especially when treated in this way. Young bulbs of the Calla Ethiopica also thrive therein, as well as the ferns and various swamp-grasses.

A collection arranged in this way needs to be kept wet like a swamp, and, moreover, to be sprinkled with a fine brush every day till everything glitters and bears drops as after a heavy dew; and truly the operation of watering and tending is its own reward, for when you have covered every twig and leaf and star of moss with fine sparkling globules of water, it is as if

one had stolen in mid-winter a slice out of a dewy summer morning.

The wild flowers of our woods, if carefully treated, may be made charming house ornaments. As a general thing, they have all that degree of hardihood that they may be dug up in bud or blossom, and arranged in vases, and will go on blossoming in a shady parlor as unconsciously as in their native woods. A large dinner platter, if you have nothing sterner, covered with earth, may be banked up thick with wild blue violets, which will last a week or ten days in your parlor, and the work of looking them up and arranging them will save many a doctor's bill.

You may vary your arrangements infinitely. Blue violets may be bordered by a thick edge of that sweet white one which is found by the brook-side, and in all shady, watery places, or you may make edges of the fair eyebright, which one of our little housekeepers calls the "bird flower," because he has noticed in his short experience that it always comes when birds begin to sing

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I met a girl the other day,
Some twelve years old or so.
The image of a nymph I loved
Some twenty years ago.

The blushing cheek, the sparkling eye,
The hair of raven hue—
Ah, how they set my heart a-blaze
Some twenty years ago.

I spoke—her answer did not much
Of wit or wisdom show—
But thus the lovely Mary talked
Some twenty years ago.

What! could a shallow heart like this
My heart in tumult throw?

I must have been a little green
Some twenty years ago.

I met the lovely Mary since—
Her charms have vanished though—

Her wit and wisdom are the same
As twenty years ago!

I looked upon her faded cheek,
Until my feelings glow;

—“Shank that she scorned my love
Some twenty years ago!”

Fond boy! who now would gladly die
To please some simpering Miss—

Who knows what thou will think of her,
Some twenty years from this!

A SNAKE STORY.

FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIA."

I was conducted in my ramble through the Meerut churchyard by an old and very intelligent pensioner, who had originally been a private in a regiment of Light Dragoons. This old man lived by the churchyard, that is to say, he derived a very comfortable income from looking after and keeping in repair the tombs of those whose friends are now far away; but whose thoughts, nevertheless, still turn occasionally to that Christian enclosure in the land of heathens and idolators.

“Why, bless my soul!” exclaimed the old man, stooping down and picking up something, “if the old gentleman hasn’t shed his skin again! This is the skin of a very large snake, a cobra *capella*, that I have known for the last thirteen years. He must be precious old from his size, the slowness of his movements, and the bad cough he has had for the last four or five years. Last winter he was very bad indeed, and I thought he was going to die. He was then living in the ruins of old General Webster’s vault, and coughing continually, just like a man with the asthma. However, I strewed a lot of fine ashes and some bits of wool in the ruin to keep him warm by night, and some fine white sand at the entrance, upon which he used to crawl out and back, when the sun had made it hot enough; and when the warm weather set in he got all right again.”

“Rather a strange fancy of yours, to live upon such amicable terms with the great enemy of the human race!”

“Well, perhaps it is. But he once bit and killed a thief who came here to rob a child’s grave of the iron railings, which its parents, contrary to my advice, had placed round it, and ever since then I have liked the snake, and have never thought of molesting him. I have had many an opportunity of killing him, (if I had wished to do it) when I have caught him asleep on the tombstones, in the winter’s sun. I could kill him this very day—this very hour—if I liked, for I know where he is at this very moment. He is in a hole, close to the Octagonal monument there, in that corner of the yard. But why should I hurt him? He has never offered to do me any harm, and when I sing, as I sometimes do when I am alone here at work on some tomb or other, he will crawl up, and listen for two or three hours together. One morning, while he was listening, he came in for a good meal, which lasted him for some days.”

“How was that?”

“I will tell you, sir. A minar was chased by a small hawk, and in despair came and perched itself on the top of a most lofty tomb at which I was at work. The hawk, with his eyes fixed intently on his prey, did not, I fancy, see the snake lying motionless in the grass; or if he did see him he did not think he was a snake, but something else—my crowbar, perhaps. After a little while the hawk pounced down, and was just about to give the minar a blow and a grip, when the snake suddenly lifted his head, raised his hood, and hissed. The hawk gave a shriek, fluttered, flapped his wings with all his might, and tried very hard to fly away. But it would not do. Strong as the eye of the hawk was, the eye of the snake was stronger. The hawk for a time seemed suspended in the air; but at last he was obliged to come down, and sit opposite to the old gentleman (the snake) who commenced, with his forked tongue, and keeping his eyes upon him all the while, to slime his victim all over. This occupied him for at least forty minutes, and by the time the process was over the hawk was perfectly motionless. I don’t think he was dead. But he was very soon, however, for the old gentleman put himself into a coil or two, and cracked up every bone in the hawk’s body. He then gave him another slither, made a big mouth, distended his neck till it was as big round as the thickest part of my arm, and down went the hawk like a skin of beef into a beggarman’s bag.”

“And what became of the minar?”

“He was off like a shot, sir, the moment his enemy was in trouble, and no blame to him. What funny thing nature is altogether, sir! I very often think of that scene when I am at work here.”

“But this place must be infested with snakes!”

“I have never seen but that one, sir, and I have been here for a long time. Would you like to see the old gentleman, sir? As the sun is up, and the morning rather warm, perhaps he will come out, if I pretend to be at work and give him a duty. If he does not, we will look in upon him.”

“Come along,” said I.

I accompanied the old man to a tomb, close to the monument beneath which the snake was said to have taken up his abode. I did not go very near to the spot, but stood upon a tomb with a thick stick in my hand, quite prepared to slay the monster if he approached me; for from childhood I have always had an instinctive horror of reptiles of every species, caste, and character.

The old man began to hammer away with his mallet and chisel, and to sing a very quaint old song which I had never heard before, and have never heard since. It was a dialogue or

duet between the little finger and the thumb, and began thus: The thumb said:

“Dear Rose Mary Green!
When I am king, little finger, you shall be queen.”

The little finger replied:

“Who told you so, Thummy, Thummy? Who told you so?”

The thumb responded:

“It was my own heart, little finger, who told me so.”

The thumb then drew a very flattering picture of the life they would lead when united in wedlock, and concluded, as nearly as I can remember, thus:

THUMB:
“And when you are dead, little finger, as it may hap,
You shall be buried, little finger, under the tap.”

LITTLE FINGER:
“Why, Thummy, Thummy? Why, Thummy,
Thummy? Why, Thummy, Thummy—Way?”

THUMB:
“That you may drink, little finger, when you are dry.”

But this ditty did not bring out the snake. I remarked this to the old man, who replied:

“He hasn’t made his toilet yet—he hasn’t rubbed his scales up, sir; but he’ll be here presently. You will see. Keep your eye on that hole, sir. I am now going to give him a livelier tune, which is a great favorite of his.” And forthwith he struck up an old song, beginning:

“Twas in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower did hum.”

Out came the snake before the song was half over! Before it was concluded he had crawled slowly and (if I dare use such a word) rather majestically, to within a few paces of the spot where the old man was standing.

“Good morning to you, sir,” said the old man to the snake, “I am happy to see you in your new suit of clothes. I have picked up your old suit, and I have got it in my pocket, and a very nice pair of slippers my old wife will make out of it. The last pair that she made out of our rejected apparel, were given as a present to Colonel Curzon, who, like myself, very much resembled the great General Blücher in personal appearance. Who will get the pair of which I have now the makings, Heaven only knows. Perhaps old Brigadier White, who has also a Blücher cut about him. What song would you like next? Kathleen Mavourneen? Yes, I know that is a pet song of yours; and you shall have it.”

The old man sang the melody with a tenderness and feeling which quite charmed me as well as the snake, who coiled himself up and remained perfectly still.

Little reason as I had to doubt the truth of any of the old man’s statements, I certainly should have been sceptical as to the story of the snake, if I had not witnessed the scene I have attempted to describe.

“Well, sir,” said the old man, coming up to me, after he had made a salam to the snake and left him, “it is almost breakfast time, and I will, with your permission, bid you good morning.”

THE WIFE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.—We have been accustomed to sympathize with the wife of Arnold, in the distress which Hamilton’s account represents her as having suffered from being apprised of her husband’s treason and flight, but if the following is true, our sympathies have been wasted. According to Parton’s Life of Burr:

He was sitting one evening with Mrs. Prevost, when the approach of a party of horse was heard, and soon after a lady, veiled and attired in a riding habit, burst into the room, and hurrying towards Mrs. Prevost, was on the point of addressing her. Seeing a gentleman present whom in the dim light of the apartment she did not recognize, she paused, and asked in an anxious tone—

“Am I safe? Is a gentleman a friend?”

“Oh, yes,” was Mrs. Prevost’s reply, “he is my most particular friend, Col. Burr.”

“Thank God!” exclaimed Mrs. Arnold, for she was, “I’ve been playing the hypocrite, and I’m tired of it.”

She then gave an account of the way she had deceived Washington, Hamilton and the other American officers, who, she said, believed her innocent of treason, and had given her an escort of horse from West Point. She made no scruple of confessing the part she had borne in the negotiation with the British General, and declared it was she who had induced her husband to do what he had done. She passed the night at Pararus, taking care to resume her acting of the outraged and frantic woman whenever strangers were present. Col. Burr’s relations with the Shippen family, of which Mrs. Arnold was a member, had been of the most intimate character from childhood. They had been his father’s friends, and the orphan boy had been taken from his mother’s grave to their home in Philadelphia. He stood toward this fascinating, false-hearted woman almost in the light of a younger brother, and he kept her secret until she was past being harmed by the telling of it.

WEATHERCOCKS.—The vane, or weathercock, must have been of very early origin. Vitruvius calls it *triton*, probably from its having the form of a triton. The usual form on towers, castles, and secular buildings, was that of a banner; but on the ecclesiastical edifices, it generally was a weathercock. There was a symbolical reason for the adoption of the figure of a cock. The cross surmounted a ball, to symbolize the redemption of the world by the cross of Christ; and the cock was placed upon the cross in allusion to the repentance of St. Peter, and to remind us of the important duties of repentance and Christian vigilance. Apart from symbolism, the large tail of the cock was well adapted to turn with the wind, and for a similar reason the arrow and the fox might be chosen; though the hare and the greyhound are less favorable. On the church of St. Laurence, in Norwich, the vane is formed like a gridiron, with the holy martyr extended upon the bars.—*Notes and Queries.*

LYING.—In the Massachusetts Teacher for February there is an excellent article on lying, and one of the remarks is worthy of general circulation: “When a lie has been told, find out its motive and treat the child accordingly.” The real merit of a died lies neither in its appearance nor in its subsequent consequences, but only in its motives. To read these in the hearts of those who have to deal with children: and to purify these is to elevate their moral standard most effectually. The various motives which induce children to lie may be brought in three groups—indiscretion, fear, and desire.”



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

BELLES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Who has not heard of Georgiana Spencer, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Spencer’s eldest daughter, the gayest of the gay—the loveliest where all were lovely? Yet how little is now known about her. No “Diary,” like that left by the entertaining Pepys, has yet been published to perpetuate her influence, and preserve her sayings and her doings: and the lively Walpole, when the lovely duchess was in the full bloom of her popularity, had become tired of describing the little events and traits of fashionable existence,—

“Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last?”

Of this beautiful duchess, it is told that she interested herself so much in the return to Parliament of Mr. Fox, for the city of Westminster, at a very severely contested election, that she went about from square to street, and from lane to alley, to solicit the votes of electors for that illustrious statesman. Her winning manners won many votes, while her lively address, and the charming novelty of so fair a canvasser, turned the full tide of the election in favor of Mr. Fox. It is confidently told, that a young and good-looking butcher in Clare market declined to accede to the duchess’s request without a bribe—he did not want money, he said, but he wanted something else. “Well, name your want,” said the lovely Duchess of Devonshire.

“Why?” replied the butcher with a blush, “a kiss would carry the day.” “If that’s all,” said the duchess—the butcher kissed her, gave a plumper for Mr. Fox, and dragged all Clare market at his heels.

The duchess sat to Reynolds, and to Gainsborough. The portrait of Reynolds is well known, but Gainsborough gave up her likeness in despair. She was then in the full bloom of her youth, and her charms and conversation took away that readiness of hand and happiness of touch which belonged to the painter in his ordinary moments. The portrait was so little to his satisfaction that he refused to send it to Chatsworth. Drawing his wet pencil across a mouth, which all who saw it thought exquisitely lovely,

“No harsh and weary traveller greets,
No vegetation smiles upon the moor,
Save where the flow’ret breathes uncurl’d sweets,
Save where the patient monk receives the poor.

“His humble board the holy man prepares,
And simple food and wholesome love bestows,
Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending snows.”

The verse that follows is the best in the poem:

“But though no more amidst these scenes I roam,
My fancy long each image shall reuin—
The flock returning to its welcome home,
And the wild card of the cowherd’s train.”

“The Passage of Mount St. Gothard” was published in her grace’s lifetime, with a translation into French printed page for page with the original. This translation is believed to be by the duchess as well.

This fascinating lady was born on the 9th of June, 1757; was married on the 6th of June, 1774; and died at Devonshire House on the 30th of April, 1806, of an abscess on the liver, first perceived about three months before she died. Her only son, the present Duke of Devonshire, who inherits a love of poetry from his mother, was born at Paris in 1790. When the Prince of Wales was informed of her death, he said, with perfect justice, “Then we have lost the most amiable and best bred woman in England.”

HUMBOLDT ON “SYMMES’ HOLE.”—It has been computed at what depths liquid and even gaseous substances, from the pressure of their own superimposed strata, would attain a density exceeding that of platinum, or of iridium; and in order to bring the actual degree of ellipticity, which was known within very narrow limits, into harmony with the hypothesis of the infinite compressibility of matter, Leslie conceived the interior of the earth to be a hollow sphere, filled with an imponderable fluid of enormous expansive force.” Such rash and arbitrary conjectures have given rise, in wholly unscientific circles, to still more fantastic notions. The hollow sphere has been peopled with plants and animals, on which two small subterranean planets, Pluto and Proserpine, were supposed to shed a mild light. A constantly uniform temperature is supposed to prevail in these inner regions, and the air being rendered self-luminous by compression, might well render the planets of this lower world unnecessary. Near the North Pole, in 82 deg. of latitude, an enormous opening is imagined, from which the polar light in Aurora streams forth, and by which a descent into the hollow sphere may be made. Sir Humphrey Davy and myself were repeatedly and publicly invited by Captain Symmes to undertake this subterranean expedition; so powerful is the morbid inclination of men to fill unseen spaces with shapes of wonder, regardless of the counter-evidence of well-established facts, or universally recognized natural laws. Even the celebrated Halley, at the end of the 17th century, hollowed out the earth in his magnetic speculations; a freely rotating subterranean nucleus was supposed to occupy, by its varying position, the diurnal and annual changes of the magnetic declination. It has been attempted, in our own day, in tedious earnest, to invest with a scientific garb that which, in the pages of the ingenious Holberg, was an amusing fiction.—*Humboldt’s Cosmos.*

A MIRACLE.—The mention of alms-giving recalls a somewhat ludicrous story of modern date, which a most inopportune miracle was wrought. The well-known French missionary, Father Bridaine, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything he had. One evening he asked for a night’s lodgings of the curate of a village through which he passed, and the worthy man, having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak, Father Bridaine rose according to custom, and went to say his prayers at the neighboring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar, who asked an alms.

“Alas, my friend, I have nothing!” said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand into his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard wrapped up in a paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper, and seeing four crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle! He gave the money to the beggar, and hastened into the church to return thanks to God. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Bridaine related the miracle with the greatestunction; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and in an instant perceived that Father Bridaine, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches; he had performed a miracle with the curate’s crowns.

QUEEN ELIZABETH’S VANITY.—In her own Court, Queen Elizabeth was not satisfied to proside. She could as ill endure a competitor in celebrity of charms as in power. She arrogated to herself all the incense around her; and, in point of adulation, she was like the daughter of the horse leech, whose cry was—“Give! give!”

Her insatiate vanity would have been ludicrous, if it had not produced such atrocious consequences. This was the predominant weakness of her character, which neutralized her talents, and was a madness and a vice. This precipitated the fate of her lovely rival, Mary Queen of Scots. This elevated the prodigal Leicester to the pinnacle of favor, and kept him there, sullied as he was by every baseness and every crime; this hurried Essex to the block; banished Southampton; and sent Raleigh and Elizabeth Throckmorton to the Tower. Did one of her attendants, more beautiful than the rest, attract the notice or homage of any of the gay cavaliers around her—was an attachment whispered, a marriage projected—it was enough to throw the whole Court into consternation. “Her Majesty, the Queen, was in a passion; and then—Heaven help the offenders! It was the spirit of Harry VIII. let loose again.”

Jennings.

FERNANDO CORTEZ.

It may not be out of place to remind the reader what kind of man Cortez was at the time of the conquest of Mexico. One who knew him well, and whose descriptions of men are often as minute as if he was noting animals for sale, thus depicts Cortez. “He was of good make and stature, well-proportioned and stalwart. The color of his face inclined to pallor, and his countenance was not very joyful. If his face had been longer, it would have been handsomer. His eyes, when he looked at you, had an amiable expression; otherwise, a haughty one. His beard was dark and thin, and so was his hair. His chest was deep, and his shoulders finely formed. He was slender, with very little stomach; somewhat bow-legged, with well-turned thighs and ankles. He was a good horseman, and dexterous in the use of all arms, as well on foot as on horseback; and above all he had heart and soul, which is most to the purpose.” The same author dwells on the wonderful patience of Cortez. When very angry, there was a vein which swelled in his forehead, and another in his throat; but, however enraged, his words were always mild and decorous. He might indulge with his friends in such an expression as “Plague upon you,” but to the common soldiers, even when they said the rudest things to him, he merely replied, “Be silent, or go in God’s name, and from henceforward have more care in what you say, or it will cost you dear, and I shall have to chastise you.” It appears that, in extreme cases of anger, he had a curious habit of throwing off his cloak; but even then he always kept himself from coarse and violent language—a wise practice; for a furious gesture is readily forgiven (it is a mere sign of the passion of the speaker;) not so a single hasty word, which may kindle all the fire of vanity in the person spoken to. In his mode of argument the same composure was visible, and he passed his hands and gloves, with the et cetera, to be drawn off, and lay thus till mess-hour. At mess he would hint, in an off-hand way, of intrigues among the harem of some Nawab or Rajah, declaring the ladies *doothed* witty, considering the confined climate, which took every bit of spirit from one, “and handsome besides, you know,” he used to add, with a look and innocent little laugh that sent all the ensigns and lieutenants into a despair of ever equaling the easy conquests of that confounded idle fellow, Dawdleton. This was his garrison life. But in war, to the surprise of every one, he was the most active and hardy living of any. He declared baggage a nuisance, and that the kit of a light dragoon was quite enough for any man who was not a milk-sop. So he set the example in his own person. Work, by night or day, seemed to have no effect on him, except to raise his spirits to a state of boisterous enjoyment. His usual bed was the ground, where he lay under his horse, wrapped in his cloak, with the saddle for a pillow. All his peace habits were gone, except excessive smoking, but he enjoyed it now sitting by the campfire, and amusing his brethren with a succession of rough jokes, at which it

CONGRESSIONAL.

INDIANA ELECTION CASE—PROPOSED PROTECTORATE OVER MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA—THE ARMY BILL—THE BALTIMORE ELECTION—KANSAS, &c., &c.

SENATE.

On the 15th, Mr. Seward, of New York, presented the memorial of the New York Commissioners of Emigration, complaining of the outrages of slaves committed by the officers and crews of steamships upon female passengers. He gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill in relation to the subject.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, submitted a resolution calling on the President for the instructions given to Mr. Meade, Minister to Brazil, previous to his departure.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, presented the resolution of the Texas Legislature, praying for an investigation into the charges against Judge Watson during the present session.

On motion of Mr. Gwin, of California, a resolution was adopted instructing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency, and to report a bill, increasing the facilities for refining gold for coinage in the San Francisco Mint.

On motion of Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, the Indiana contested election case was taken up.—Mr. Hamlin urged the importance of immediate action. He thought it was remarkable that, after the Committee on Elections had reported resolutions directing the taking of testimony, the Senate should repeatedly refuse to consider the resolution. He read Mr. Mason's remarks in relation to the admission of Minnesota, and Mr. Bayard's argument on the admission of Kansas, to show the importance of deciding the question before considering the admission of new States.

Mr. Benjamin, of La., argued in favor of the committee's resolution.

Mr. Collamer, of Vt., contended that the testimony sought was not material, and ought not to be admitted.

Mr. Toombs, of Ga., advocated the resolution directing the taking of testimony.

Mrs. Seward, of R. I., and Trumbull, of Ill., opposed the resolution.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, suggested that the resolution should limit the time for taking testimony.

Mr. Hunter, of Va., moved the postponement of the subject till to-morrow, which prevailed, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 16th, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, submitted a resolution instructing the Post-Office Committee to inquire whether the transmission of the mail between Washington and Boston cannot be expedited, so as to prevent a detention of twelve hours in New York.—Adopted.

Mr. Thomson, of New Jersey, presented a bill to establish a port of entry at Tom's river, New Jersey.

Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, submitted bills making appropriations for deepening the channels of St. Mary's river and the St. Clair Flats, Michigan. Referred.

Mr. Mason, of Va., called for the joint resolution providing for the reception of the Turkish Vice Admiral.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, objected to the expenditure of money for such a purpose, as there was no limit to the amount, and no benefit could accrue from it.

Mr. Mason replied, instancing the case of the restoration of the Arctic ship Resolute as doing much towards encouraging our friendly relations with Great Britain.

Mr. Clay referred to the previous expenditure for the restoration of a Turkish inspector, and the amount expended for wines and cigars during the Kossoff reception. He thought we ought to be warned against such expenditure by past experience.

Mr. Seward, of New York, corrected the erroneous impression that Amin Bey was an imposter. He said that acts of kindness and courtesy, although not compensated by money, never go unrewarded.

Mrs. Hunter, of Va., and Biggs, of N. C., opposed the resolution.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, thought that the gentlemen who succeeded in obtaining the contracts for the ships to be built, ought to pay the expenses for entertaining this officer. We don't allow our officials abroad to take bribes, and why should we offer them to others? He should vote against the resolution.

Mr. Trumbull, of Ill., endorsed every word uttered by Mr. Pugh.

Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, advocated the resolution.

Mr. Biggs offered an amendment, limiting the amount to \$5,000. Rejected.

The resolution was finally passed.

The Indiana contested seats were taken up for consideration.

Mr. Trumbull's, of Illinois, amendment to decide the question immediately, was rejected.—Yeas, 16; nays, 28.

An amendment was then adopted, that all the testimony in the matter be returned to the Senate within ninety days, and the resolution was then passed.

The Senate resumed the debate on the Army Bill, and considered the amendment offered by Mr. Wilson, providing for the employment of volunteers.

The question pending being Mr. Wilson's amendment, the Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, represented the resolutions adopted by the Michigan Legislature, in opposition to the admission of any more Slave States, and against the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Houston's, of Texas, preamble and resolution, presented yesterday, instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the expediency of the government establishing a protectorate over Central America and Mexico, were called up.

The series read as follows:

Whereas, The events connected with the numerous efforts of the people of Mexico and the Central American States of this continent to establish and maintain order and good government, since their separation from the mother country, have so far resulted in failure and consequent anarchy, and demonstrated to the world the inability of said people to effect an object alike so desirable and so indispensable to their welfare and prosperity. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be instructed to inquire into and report to the Senate upon the expediency of the government of the United States declaring and maintaining an efficient protectorate over the States of Mexico, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, in such form and to such an extent as shall be necessary to secure to the people of said States the blessings of good and stable republican government.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, thought this extraordinary proposition was calculated to foster a spirit of filibustering, and disgrace us in the eyes of the civilized world.

Mr. Houston denied that it was a proposition to extend our dominions, but simply to benefit our neighbors. He was opposed to filibustering, but thought the subject worthy of consideration, especially as other parties have designs on Central America.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, objected to the inference that whereas a State colonial dependence is not calculated to illustrate the theory or practice of popular sovereignty and perfect freedom, therefore the committee be instructed to inquire with regard to Canada and the other British possessions on the American continent.

Mr. Toombs advocated Mr. Houston's resolution. He said the time for action was not far distant, and it had better be considered now.

Mr. Mason moved to lay the resolution on the table. Agreed to.

The consideration of the Army Bill was resumed.

Mr. Johnson, of Tenn., submitted a substitute, which Mr. Wilson, of Mass., accepted instead of his own, providing for 4,000 volunteers, to serve on duty, the rest to be militia. Mr. Johnson said he offered this amendment because he believed it reflected the views of the Administration. The bill reported by the Military Committee did not represent the wishes of the Administration, which had not asked for a permanent increase of the standing army. He urged the importance of a reduction of the government expenditures. Congress holds the purse strings, and the dominant party are responsible for the expenditures. He referred to the polygamy in Utah; but there was more practical polygamy in New York City than in Salt Lake, the only difference being that it was tolerated in the latter by religious belief, but existed in the former in violation of the law and moral sense of the community.

Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, moved to strike out the fourth section of the original bill, which proposes to change the method of promotion.

Meers, Seward and Wilson favored, and Pugh and Iverson opposed the motion. Pending the discussion, the Senate adjourned.

On the 18th, Mr. Green, of Missouri, from the Committee on Territories, reported the bill for the admission of Kansas, submitting a long report, which was read.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, and Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, also submitted minority reports, which were severally ordered to be printed.

Mr. Green gave notice that should call up the matter at an early day.

The consideration of the Army Bill was then resumed. The fourth section of the original bill was struck out—yeas, 24; nays 23.

Mr. Wilson's, of Massachusetts, amendment, that the reduction at the end of two years shall not operate on any officer in commission at the date of the approval of the Act, was adopted.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, contended that the bill reported by the Military Committee was more in accordance with the views of the Administration than that of Mr. Johnson. He said that volunteers were always more expensive and less reliable than regulars, and he instanced the company of Tennessee volunteers Corro Gorro, which ran at the first shot.

The argument of the Senator from Tennessee seemed to defend polygamy. If the Tennessee volunteers entertained such opinions, they would be the last men to send to Utah. Instead of whipping the Mormons they would be more likely to join them if possibly Brigham Young gave them half a dozen wives a piece.

Mr. Iverson, of Maine, moved that in no case shall the force created by this Act be continued in service over two years. Agreed to.

A desultory discussion ensued on the comparative merits of the different substitutes. The Senate was thus adjourned.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, said that he did not justify polygamy, but merely drew a comparison, showing the inconsistency of entertaining the agent of the Turkish Government, which legalized polygamy, and at the same time condemning the polygamy of Utah. He also defended the Tennessee volunteers.

Mr. Seward, of New York, explained the views he expressed in relation to the bill, which had been criticized.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, said that, if the volunteers were sent to Utah, war would certainly follow. Brigham Young will not fight unless forced to do so. Adjourned.

On the 19th, the private calendar was taken up. The Army Bill coming up for consideration.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, said that, Mr. Davis, of Miss., wished to reply to some remarks made by other Senators before a vote was taken, he moved its postponement. His motion being agreed to, the Senate adjourned over till Tuesday, Monday being the anniversary of Washington's birth-day.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 15th, Mr. Warren, of Arkansas, asked, but the House refused, to suspend the rules to enable him to introduce a resolution confining the debate in Committee of the Whole strictly to the subjects pending, and setting apart three evenings of the week for general discussion.

The resolution of the Committee of Ways and Means, appropriating \$35,000 to meet the expenses of the various investigating committees, was adopted.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, asked leave to introduce a bill requesting the President to negotiate for the purchase of the British North American provinces and Cuba, the people of said provinces to "regulate their own institutions in their own way."

Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, suggested the addition of the words, "and the rest of mankind."

The House refused to suspend the rules, only voting in the affirmative.

Mr. Wolcott (the alleged contumacious witness) appeared before the bar of the House with a written statement disclaiming any intention to controvert the authority of the House, but denying the right of the Committee of Investigation to make any answer to questions not within the scope of its duties, namely, the investigation of charges against members of the last House, in connection with the tariff bill. He has been legally advised not to answer questions criminalizing himself, unless an opportunity granted him to be heard in his defense. He defended his position at great length.

Mr. Burroughs, of New York, interrupted the reading, saying he had heard enough.

Mr. Clements, of Virginia, asked whether the opinion was signed by Beverly Johnson?

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, offered a resolution declaring that Mr. Wolcott had failed to answer satisfactorily, and ordering him committed to jail, to be kept in close custody until he was willing to answer all proper and legal questions.

Mr. Standish said the power to inquire necessarily implied the power to compel witnesses to produce all essential evidence. The House had, by common law, the right to punish witnesses for contempt. It was proved that \$5,000 came into the hands of Mr. Wolcott, perhaps innocently, but subsequently might have been applied to corrupt purposes. The committee have the right to know what became of this money.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, ineffectually moved to lay on the table the whole subject.

The resolution finally passed under the operation of the previous question—yeas, 123; nays, 55.

On motion of Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, the Committee on Foreign Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of abrogating the so-called Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain. Adjourned.

[CORRECTION.—In the report of the Senate proceedings of Thursday last, it was stated that Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, made some strong points against the resolution providing for the payment for the printing of the Dred Scott decision. The statement was incorrect. He objected to the copyright clause only.—Reporters.]

On the 16th, Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported the deficiency Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, called up the contested election case of Mr. Brooks, of Maryland, on the ground that the election was carried by fraud and violence. Mr. Boyce argued against the prayer of Mr. Brooks, who asks exemption from the operation of the law of 1857, and that the Committee on Elections proceed to take testimony.

The question was further debated by Messrs. Phillips, of Penna., Maynard, of Tenn., Wilson, of Indiana, Hatch, of New York, Bowe, of Maryland, and Washburn, of Maine. Without doubt the policy of establishing a protectorate over Central America and Mexico, was called up.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, thought this extraordinary proposition was calculated to foster a spirit of filibustering, and disgrace us in the eyes of the civilized world.

Mr. Houston denied that it was a proposition to extend our dominions, but simply to benefit our neighbors. He was opposed to filibustering, but thought the subject worthy of consideration, especially as other parties have designs on Central America.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, objected to the inference that whereas a State colonial dependence is not calculated to illustrate the theory or practice of popular sovereignty and perfect freedom, therefore the committee be instructed to inquire with regard to Canada and the other British possessions on the American continent.

Mr. Toombs advocated Mr. Houston's resolution. He said the time for action was not far distant, and it had better be considered now.

Mr. Mason moved to lay the resolution on the table. Agreed to.

The series read as follows:

Whereas, The events connected with the numerous efforts of the people of Mexico and the Central American States of this continent to establish and maintain order and good government, since their separation from the mother country, have so far resulted in failure and consequent anarchy, and demonstrated to the world the inability of said people to effect an object alike so desirable and so indispensable to their welfare and prosperity. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be instructed to inquire into and report to the Senate upon the expediency of the government of the United States declaring and maintaining an efficient protectorate over the States of Mexico, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, in such form and to such an extent as shall be necessary to secure to the people of said States the blessings of good and stable republican government.

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ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIMORE.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—LAUNCH OF THE LEVIATHAN.—REPORT OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—COTTON.—BREADSTUFFS DULL.

The steamship Baltic arrived at New York, Thursday night (the 18th), with thirty passengers.

The Cunard steamship Africa arrived at Liverpool at 114 P. M. on Saturday, January 30th.

The Leviathan was successfully floated in the Thames on Sunday, January 31st. The floating of the great ship was effected with perfect ease, and no accident of any kind occurred, although the river was literally covered with boats full of people.

The Leviathan was towed by four powerful tug-boats to her moorings opposite Deptford, where she will remain until her internal arrangements are completed.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company had issued a call for the ordinary meeting of the stockholders on the 18th of February, and in anticipation of this meeting had published a full report of the position of the company. The report states that it is proposed to raise a certain amount of new money by an issue of £20 shares, with which to meet the charges for the 700 miles of additional cable now in course of manufacture, and to provide for contingencies.

A meeting of the bond and stockholders of the Erie Railroad had been held in London, to hear explanations from the President, Mr. Moran. A motion authorizing the creation of a fifth mortgage of five million dollars was carried, after a division.

Gen. Ashburnham, who was appointed to command the British forces in China, but was transferred to India, has suddenly returned to England without leave, because, as is said, only a command in the Punjab suggested to him.

An investigation at Liverpool in certain scandalous charges brought against Rev. Mr. Gent, a curate in Dr. McMillan's church, and which attracted great attention, had ended in the complete vindication of Mr. Gent's character, and so far were the people at the result, that they earned Mr. Gent in triumph from the court, and dragged him in a carriage through the streets, while those who gave evidence against him barely escaped lynch law from the mob.

A frightful collier explosion had occurred at a pit near Ashton under Lyne. About one hundred men were in the pit at the time, and it was feared that many of them were killed. At latest reports, about forty had been taken out alive—some more or less injured—and two dead.

A large reform meeting was held at Birmingham on the 2nd, and resolutions were adopted declaring that no measures of reform would be complete without household suffrage and the ballot. Chartist amendments for universal suffrage were defeated by large majorities.

MANCHESTER TRADE REPORT.—Manchester, Friday Afternoon.—Our market here is very dull and stupid, and short time is being very generally taken of again. In Hyde and some other places the mills have almost gone out. In a short time, the trade is so scarcely remunerative.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET, Feb. 5.—The market closed very dull for flour and corn, all qualities.

Mr. Richardson & Son's circular quotes a declining tendency for flour, which is unequal, and quotations are nominal. Corn is dull and all qualities have declined.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS, Feb. 5.—Iron—Welsh rails and bars.

Sugar Steady. Coffee dull. Tea unchanged. Rice heavy.

The Money Market is slightly easier. The Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount to 3½ per cent. American securities are active, and tending upward. The Bank in the Bank of England has increased its discount to 3½ per cent.

A steady improvement in the Lyons Silk Market is reported, under the influence of orders for European spring trade.

The London Times is requested by Gen. Cullum, at the bar of Brown's Hotel, giving as a toast "The illustrious father of a degenerate race." Clay took offence, and Cullum struck him.

On the 20th Ex-Lieut. A. C. Rhind posted Commander E. B. Bowdell as a "lair and a coward," near the office of the navy department.

It is understood that the difficulty originated several years ago in the Pacific, but was recently renewed before the naval court of inquiry. Bowdell had refused to accept a challenge from him.

Col. Sumner recently addressed a note to Gen. Harney, asking him to meet him outside of the district. Gen. Harney sent this note to the Secretary of War, and at the same time addressed a note to Col. Sumner, stating that he intended to make it an official matter for investigation, and he has accordingly preferred charges against Sumner. Col. Sumner replied to Harney that he could have nothing further to do with a man who would screen himself by his official position. Both Harney and Sumner have left the city, and a conflict is anticipated by some of their friends.

A general Tipperary feeling prevailing, suspicion has taken root of the fact that Messrs. Gove, of Pa., and Keitt, of S. C., are reported to have gone northward, and it is rumored they are bound for the Canada line.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The first of these rumored duels has come off. Lieutenant Bell and Williams, U. S. A., who had a collision in a barber's shop on Sunday, went beyond Bladensburg this morning at five o'clock, accompanied by their respective friends. It is said that Bell fired at the word "One," the ball of his pistol penetrating Williams' hat. Williams, who was the challenged party, having given the satisfaction demanded, discharged his pistol in the snow, and both returned to Washington apparently reconciled.

The Bank of Holland had reduced its rate of discount from 5 to 4½ per cent.

Mr. Chas. Hootman, a Hanoverian banker, had failed, and committed suicide.

The new Swedish railway loan of about \$1,200,000 had been taken by several of the banks of Credit Mobilier in Germany, in a 4½ per cent. stock, at a price between 90 and 91.

A rumor was current that the assassination of the King of Piedmont formed a part of the programme which included the death of the Emperor Napoleon. The National Bank of Turin had reduced its rate of discount from 7 to 6 percent.

The Bombay mail of Jan. 8 had arrived in England, but the news adds nothing of importance to the telegraphic accounts brought out by the Niagara. The correspondent of the Daily News, however, asserts that the news from the Purjash is unfavorable. The Sikhs were not safe, and the Afghans threatened on the frontier.

THE DAILY NEWS.—With dates from Melbourne to Dec. 15, had reached England, but the news was anticipated by telegraph—as per Niagara's advice. Trade throughout the country was very dull, being confined to merely actual requirements.

THREE DAYS LATER.

The Cunard Mail Steamship Africa, from Liverpool with dates to the 6th inst., arrived at New York on the 21st inst. No late intelligence from India or China had been received.

Parliament had reassembled. Lord Palmerston gave notice of an intended bill in regard to conspiracies to murder, designed to meet the Refugee question. Mr. Roebuck had assertedly commented in a speech the publication in the Paris *Moniteur* of the addresses of the French soldiers against England. He said:—"Now the French Emperor was the person who directed these accusations against England. But who could speak with greater cause of the hostility of England?" Had he not enjoyed our protection? Had he not set the part of a conspirator? Had he not left our shores armed with the name of his great predecessor? Had he not invaded the shores of France and attacked the

throne of Louis Philippe—and had he not murdered a man who was only in the performance of his duty when he resisted him.

—A man who chose, in the pages of the *Moniteur*, to bring accusation against England as being a den, a hotbed, a nest of conspirators.

Palmerston rebuked Mr. Roebuck for his onslaught.

The English relations with France excite, at the present moment, some uneasiness. It is said that some of the English residents in Paris are returning home, in consequence of the unsettled state of the political horizon.

Doubts are expressed respecting the truth of the horrid tales which have been so long current respecting the mutilations by the natives of India of English men and women. It is alleged that they are grossly exaggerated if not actually untrue. It has been ascertained that no mutilated subjects have come down the Ganges, or found their way to England.

On the evening of the 5th, in the House of Lords, Lord Clarendon announced the determination of the French Government to prevent French Consuls from issuing passports to British subjects, approved of the course, and stated that the British Government intended to invite other governments to abandon the system of passports altogether.

The latest address from the French army were marked by a less hostile spirit to England.

The Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia, landed at Antwerp on the 3rd inst., and reached Cologne on the following day.

They were received with enthusiasm at all points.

The Bank of Prussia had reduced its rate of discount to 4 per cent.

It is said, that notwithstanding the exertions of the police, no accessories to the plot to assassinate the Emperor have been discovered, and that the four principals already in custody, and two others who have escaped from justice, will be brought to trial.

It is stated that Lord Cowley has been instructed to ask for explanations as to the publication of these addresses in the *Moniteur*.

The Emperor Alexander, to add example to his precedent, has resolved to emancipate all the serfs on his private domain, securing to them all the advantages granted to peasants of private individuals, and giving them the buildings in which they reside.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 5.—Cotton Market.—The sales for the week were 74,000 bales, including 2,500 to speculators, and 3,000 for export. The market for the week opened with a slight advance for all qualities, but this advanced was lost, and the market closed at 20½ (Friday) were 6,000 bales, including 1,000 for export.

—The market closed yesterday at 20½.

—The market closed yesterday at 20½.

—Montaigne kept a register of the oddities of all his friends, and introduces them to us whenever he can. "I know a lady of very high rank," he says, "who believes that it gives a person a disagreeable appearance to be seen in the act of chewing, and for this reason will scarcely ever eat in public."

—In regard to Atheism, is there not a great deal more practical than merely intellectual disbelief in divinity? "In our times," says an able English writer, "the real Atheist is the Mammonite, who, making 'godlessness a great gain,' worships a golden calf, and calls it God; or the miserable fanatic, who, endowing the phantom of his own folly and fear with the deepest passions of the worst men, dethrones the Deity to set up a demon, and curses all those who will not curse themselves by joining in his idolatry."

—No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is so dressed.—Johnson.

—A story is told of a Michigan farmer, who recently went down to Indiana to buy a drove of horses. He was longer absent than he intended to be, and he failed to meet a business engagement. On being rather reproached for not being home, he made due apology. "I tell you how it is, Squire; at every little damned town they wanted me to stop and be President of a Bank."

—The last "iam," horse flesh for food, is defended by the poet's lines thus:

"Lo! the poor Indian, who, untaught, feeds On locusts, beetles, frogs and centipedes!

His taste keen hunger never taught to sigh

For beef, veal, mutton, pork or pumpkin pie!

But thinks, admitted to that equal feast,

All things are good for man as well as beast!"

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS, Feb. 2.—The following sales were made at Wards Avenue Dry Goods Yard, 25th Chester St., on Saturday, Feb. 3, 1858:—

COTTON.—The receipts and stocks continue very light, and under the favorable advices from Europe holders have again advanced their pretensions, but the market has been quiet, and there is no disposition to purchase at any extent.

Sales of 300 bales, mostly Upland, at 19½.

COAL.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

HORN.—Is unchanged. Small sales of good yellow at 27½.

IRON.—There has been nothing doing in Wholesale.

LEAD.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

MARSH.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

PEAS.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

POTASH.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

SAFETY MATCHES.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

SEED.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

SPICES.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

STOLES.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

WAX.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

WHEAT.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

WINE.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

WORSTED.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

YARNS.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

ZINC.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited above 20½.

—The Stock Market is the closing quotations for Stocks Saturday last. The market did steadily.

Bid. Asked.

U. S. 5 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 6 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 7 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 8 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 9 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 10 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 11 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 12 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 13 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 14 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 15 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 16 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 17 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 18 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 19 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 20 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 21 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 22 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 23 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 24 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 25 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 26 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 27 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 28 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 29 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 30 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 31 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 32 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 33 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 34 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 35 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 36 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 37 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 38 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 39 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 40 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 41 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 42 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 43 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 44 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.

U. S. 45 pt. LOANS. Bid. Asked.</

Wit and Humor.

MAJOR BROWN'S COON STORY.

"I was down on the creek this morning," said Bill Gates, "and I seed any amount of coon tracks. I think they're again' to be powerful plenty this season."

"Oh, yes," replied Tom Coker, "I never hear tell of the likes before. The whole woods is lined with 'em. If skins is only a good price this season, I'll be worth somethin' in the spring, sure's you live, for I've just got one of the best coon dogs in all Illinois."

"You say you never hear tell of the like o' the coons?" put in Major Brown, an old veteran who had been chewing his tobacco in silence for the last half hour. "Why, you don't know anything 'bout 'em! If you'd a come here forty years ago, like I did, you'd a thought coons! I jest tell you boys, you couldn't go amiss for 'em. We hardly ever thought of posterin' 'em much, for their skins weren't worth a darn with us; that is, we couldn't get enough for 'em to pay for the skinnin'!"

"I recollect one day I went out a bee huntin'. Wal, arter I'd lumbered about a good while, I got kinder tired, and so I leaned up agin a big tree to rest. I hadn't much more leaned up afore somethin' give me one of the allifred nips about the seat o' my britches I ever got in my life. I jumped about a rod, and lit a runnin', and kept on a runnin' for over a hundred yards; when think, sez I, it's no use runnin', and I'm snake bit, but runnin' won't do any good. So I jest stopped, and proceeded to examine the wound. I soon seed it was no snake bite, for that's a blood-blister pinched on me about six inches long."

"Think, sez I, that rether give me! What in the very deuce could it be? After thinkin' about it a while, I concluded to go back, and look for the critter, jest for the curiosit y of the thing. I went to the tree and poked the weeds and stuff all about; but darned the thing could I see. Purty soon I sees the tree has a little split a runnin' along up it, and so I git to lookin' at that. Dreckly I sees the split open about half a inch, and then shut up agin; then I sees it open and shut, and open and shut, and open and shut, right along as regular as a clock a tickin'."

"Think, sez I, what in all creation can this mean? I know'd I'd got pinched in the split tree, but what in thunder was makin' it do it? At first, I felt orfus scared, and thought it must be somethin' dreadful; and then agin I thought it mountin'. Next I thought about hants and ghosts, and about a runnin' home and sayin' nothin' about it; and then I thought it couldn't be enny on 'em, for I'd never heard tell o' them a posterin' feller right in open daylight. At last the true blood of my ancestors riz up in my veins, and told me it'd be cowardly to go home and not find out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and swore I'd find out all about it, or blow up. When I got back, I let it to the tree like blazes, and purty soon it cum down and smashed into flinders—and what do you think? Why, it was rammed and jammed smack full of coons from top to bottom. Yes, sir, they're rammed in so close that every time they breathed they made the split open."

A TOUGH DOSE.—There is a doc'r in the northwestern part of this consolidated city, who is especially remarkable for being, as the women term it, "short and crusty." A week or two since he was called to visit a patient who was laboring under a severe attack of cheap whiskey. "Well, doctor, I'm down, you see; completely foored; got the Tremendous Delirium, you know!" "Tremena, you fool; where'd you get your rum?" queried the doctor. "All over in spots; broke out promiscuously, doctor." "Served you right—where'd you get your rum?"

Father died of the same disease; took him under the short ribs and carried him off bodily." "Well, you've got to take something immediately." "You're a trump, Doc—here, wife, I'll take a nip of old rye." "Lie still, blockhead. Mrs. B., if your husband should get worse before I return, which will be in about an hour, just give him a dose of that trunk trap; he'll be that'll fetch him to a sense of his folly." The doctor sailed out grandly, and within an hour sailed in again, and found his friend of the "Delirious Tremendous" in a terrible condition, writhing and struggling with pain. His wife, a female of the plain but ignorant school, came up, and laying her hand upon the doctor's arm, said—"Doctor, I gave him the strap as you directed." "Did you thrash him well?" "Thrash him!" exclaimed the astonished woman, "no, but I cut the strap into hash and made him swallow it." "Oh! oh! doctor," roared the victim, "I—I swallowed the leather, but—but—" "But what?" "I swallowed the whole strap, but I'm blamed if I could go the buckle." The doctor administered two bread pills and evaporated.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON DAMAGED GOODS.—"Ah!" said Mrs. Partington as she stood looking at the placards stuck all over the front of a store, advertising *damaged goods* for sale. It was not a big R like those with which doctors begin their prescriptions with, but the simple ejaculation "ah!" and as she said it, people going along listened to what she had to say. "This," continued she, running on like a wheelbarrow, "is what is meant by Mr. Jaquetha, where he says 'sweet are the uses of advertisement,' but,"—and here she burst against the word "damaged," making two syllables of it, with a profane construction on the first, that made her hold her hands up in unqualified horror. "But though the goods are ade, I don't see the need of putting it quite so strong—so much stronger than the goods are, I dare say." Ike here pulled her sleeve, at the same time kicking a big dog on the nose who was smelling at her "ridicule," and the old lady moved on amidst the crowd.—*Boston Gazette*.

THE BURGLAR'S FRIEND.—"This here, Sir, is a Petition to the Governor for the Pardon of Jim Cuthroat—one of the best fellows in the world—who had the Misfortune to knock his Wife's Brains out, set Fire to his House, and burn up his two Babies. All done, Sir, in a moment of ungovernable Passion, for which a Poor Fellow oughtn't to be held responsible. I hope you'll sign it, Sir. We've got the names of Eight eminent Merchants, Sixteen leading Lawyers, and Ten Wall Street Operators. See here!"

MORAL MERCHANT. "Ah! I see. Poor Fellow dashed his Wife's Brains out, eh? Burnt up his two Babies! Poor Fellow! Well, I suppose I must sign it." [Signs his name.] —N. Y. *Picayune*.

AN ELOQUENT DUKE.—Some years ago, a publisher in Vermont, finding a large amount of unpaid subscription on his books, concluded to employ a special collecting agent to go round for a per centage of his collections; and dun the delinquent, which he accordingly did in the person of O——, a substantial farmer of Democratic faith and persuasive address.

He undertook his task rather reluctantly, for the paper inculcated Calvinistic doctrines which O—— abhorred, and about election time, always threw its political influence on the side of the Whigs, which was a still greater objection in the mind of the Democratic agent.

He met with all sorts of excuses—such as "Never ordered it," "Don't get it regular," "Told 'em to stop it long ago," &c., &c., but O—— was pertinacious, and wouldn't take "No" for an answer.

"I don't like the paper, any way," said one.

"Nor I either," said O——; "it's an awful mean paper, I'll allow—but you've got to take it, you know, as long as you don't pay up. That's the law. So if I was in your place, I'd pay up and stop the blasted thing."

The man cashed over. O—— got a hint from this, and, using the same argument with every grumbler he met, collected nearly every dollar that was due the concern. But the principal had scarcely got his money when he discovered that his agent's eloquence had nearly ruined his subscription list.—*Boston Post*.

WASN'T EXACTLY CERTAIN.—The following testimony was given in the case of The Commonwealth versus Borrowscale, for an affray tried at Boston some years ago:—

Counsel—Did you see William Borrowscale knock the man down?

Witness—William Borrowscale might do such a thing.

Counsel—Answer me directly. Did you see Borrowscale knock him down?

Witness—I can't exactly say that I did.

The Court—State, Mr. Witness, what you did see.

Witness—Well, I saw William Borrowscale take his hand away from the man's head quick, and then the man fell down right away!—*N. Y. Post*.

COMPLIMENTARY.—In a journey up the country a fat Frenchman, who had equipped himself in an old mandarin coat, a huge pair of China boots, and a black wide awife, was leaning upon a bamboo spear, while his boat was being drawn over one of those mud embankments which serve the purpose of our locks. He also was very much flattered at the politeness of an old man, who prostrated himself three times before him, and chin-chin-ed him. Unluckily, an interpreter was present, who explained that this old man took our French friend for the Devil, and was worshipping him in that capacity according to Chinese rites.—*China Correspondence of the London Times*.

TEW HUM.—The following is from the letter of an American now travelling in Italy, to the New York Times:—At sunset we reached Gaeta. This place abounds in historical interest, and it was here that the Pope found refuge when fled from the Republic in 1849. Among the legends of the place is one to the effect that he and the King of Naples, who had come to visit him in his exile, went on board of an American frigate. The commander welcomed them in these terms: "Pope, how are you? King, how d'you do?" "Hero, Lieutenant Jones, you speak French; *parlez vous* with the Pope, while the King and I go down and have a drink. King, come on!"

BERANGER AND DUPIN.—With Beranger's death all his intimates began to ransack their memories for his *bon mots*. One is now current, made in reply to a speech of M. Dupin, whose recent apostacy is the latest "nine days wonder" in French politics. Dupin's avarice, it must be presumed, is notorious in his own country, and is in itself sufficient to explain the apostacy which so many theories have been started to account for. One day, Dupin was showing boastfully to his friends a coat which he had worn for ten years uninterruptedly. "Yes," said Beranger, "but how often during the time you must have had new pockets!"

A ROYAL MARRIAGE IN 1816.—The daughter of George the Fourth, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, was married at Carlton House, late on a May evening, in 1816, to Prince Leopold, the present King of the Belgians. The whole ceremony, save that it did not take place in a consecrated building, was as dignified and refined as could be desired. The bride's waist, indeed, was just under her arms, and the "groom" had a livery sort of look, in his knee-breeches,—but fashion then saved them from the ridiculous look which they wear in the pictures of the time. The Prince looked about him with his usual inquiring glance, as if to see what people thought of him. The bride was in high spirits, showed her foot, as she was wont to do, and, as one who heard her, informed us, gave out a charmingly distinct "Yes, I will," in answer to the all-important query of the ceremony, which raised a smile on the faces of all around. Was it not singular, that at one of her earliest visits to the theatre the managers could think of no daintier after-dish to set before her than "Tom Thumb?" She very properly left the house before it was concluded.

THE VERDICT OF HISTORY.—History, besides its bad men, is filled with debatable men. Historic doubts arise to disturb the verdict of ages: judgments are wholly reversed; black men become white; white black. A shade falls upon the great name of Sydney. Wat Tyler and Jack Cade are rising in public estimation. Queen Mary finds a patron in one party in the Church. Crook-backed Richard has his apostolists. Judas Iscariot himself has recently been pronounced by learned, and even Episcopal critics, to have been probably not so black as for eighteen centuries he has been believed to be. After all, whose opinions are to govern? What history is to follow? Are we to have the Duke of Marlborough—an angel of light, says Lord Macaulay—a fallen angel, says Lord Macaulay—a traitor, a murderer.—*London Athenaeum*.

CHARMS FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—A person professing to be a Christian, has been detected in Syke, Scotland, in selling charms to cure toothache. One of these charms reads as follows:—"St Peter sat on a marble stone weeping and crying, the Lord Jesus came by, asked what aileth thee Peter, my Lord God it's my tooth, aileth Peter and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt never have the toothache. Given to A—— B—— in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." —*Dumfries Courier*.



A FASHIONABLE PARTY.

One likes to see the young people enjoying themselves—but really we were lately at a fashionable party, and could not, for the life of us, discern anything but some black coats strutting frantically in a sea of white muslin.

Agricultural.

MR. RAREY'S POWER OVER HORSES.

To show that Mr. Rarey's power is not a thing personal to himself, he has, since his exhibition at Windsor, (an account of which we published some weeks since,) communicated the secret of it to Major-General Sir Richard Airey, and Lieutenant General Sir Alfred Paget, and Col. Hood, under the most stringent obligations, of course, that they will not disclose it to others; and Lord

Alfred Paget, who is now as much a horse-tamer as Mr. Rarey, on Saturday gave a successful exemplification of his skill before his Majesty, the Prince Consort, and their august visitors, taking for his subject a beautiful dapple-gray pony belonging to the Prince of Wales. Lord Alfred was left alone with the pony for a few minutes in the riding-school, and on the admission of the royal party it was prostrate upon the ground with his lordship sitting, caressing it, handling its feet and legs, resting on its haunches, and in all respects treating it in a manner proving its complete subjection to him. That over, Mr. Rarey appeared with the black horse from Anderson's, in Piccadilly, to which reference has been made, and his mastery over which he showed in a variety of ways. Placing himself at one end of the riding-school, he called to the animal, which he had left at the other, and it immediately cantered toward him in a playful manner. It lay down at his bidding, or followed him like a dog round the building. When down, a plank was laid upon his shoulder, up which Lord Alfred Paget ran a wheelbarrow. Finally, when the horse had regained his legs, he was mounted by Mr. Rarey, who sat on the animal's crupper with his back to the head, beating a drum and cracking a whip over him, this treatment resulting in neither motion nor fear on the part of the horse. One of the fine stud of cream-colored horses belonging to her Majesty was next subjected to the manipulation of Mr. Rarey, with an equally successful and surprising result; so far as laying down the animal, which is an entire horse was concerned, and handling him all over with the most perfect freedom, the horse-tamer not deeming it desirable, or so short an acquaintance, to carry the familiarity to the extent of opening an umbrella in his face, or cracking a whip, or beating a drum over him. Besides the frequent display of some vicious propensities, this particular animal of late has never permitted any one to ride him; but he allowed Mr. Rarey to mount him without offering the least resistance. With this the exhibition terminated, and the Queen and her illustrious visitors, by whom it was witnessed with the most evident tokens of interest and wonder, took their departure.

It ought to be stated that Mr. Richard Airey, Lord Alfred Paget, and Col. Hood, to each of whom Mr. Rarey has communicated his secret, are understood to declare that there is nothing in the treatment in the smallest degree painful or improper toward the horse subjected to it, or which would offend the susceptibilities of a bystander sensitively alive to anything partaking in the least of cruelty to a dumb animal. They also assert that it consists of no trickery of any description, nor of the use of any drug, or mesmeric or other similar influence whatever. Mr. Rarey's theory is that hitherto all our treatment of this noble animal—at least, in the preliminary stages of breaking, etc.—has proceeded on ideas of his nature altogether erroneous and cruel, and been invariably characterized by unnecessary violence, which has provoked the display of resistance and other kindred qualities on his part, and so the evil has been perpetuated. The principle on which Mr. Rarey goes, on the other hand, is one of extreme kindness and tenderness towards the animal, his object being to convince him that man is his natural master and friend, and to elicit his confidence and kind regard. Mr. Rarey appeals to what he calls "the intellect and affections of the horse," and states that this is the secret of all his success. He is a slightly made man, about 30 years of age, the son of a stock farmer and breeder of horses, who lived in Franklin county, in the State of Ohio, and is himself engaged in a similar occupation at a place called Groveport, about 10 miles from Columbus, the capital of that State. From boyhood he is said to have exhibited an intense fondness for horses and a remarkable aptitude for breaking and training them after the old fashion, until he discovered this more humane system of treatment, which he has since practiced with the greatest success in his native State. The subjects on which he has operated have been in many cases horses reclaimed in a perfectly wild condition from the American prairies, and in the course of his experience he has had one arm and both legs broken. He is accompanied to this country by Mr. R. A. Good-

FEEDING TURNIPS.—If strict attention is paid to giving cow turnips *only immediately* after being milked, half night and morning, neither milk nor butter will taste of turnips. This has been followed here several seasons with entire success; and in any instance of inattention to orders, turnips having been given before milking, the flavor of the milk was disagreeably strong of turnips.—*Ohio Farmer*.

HARDY APPLES FOR THE WEST.—The following list of such varieties of the apple as have withstood best the effects of the two past severe winters, is furnished by E. Ordway, of Freeport, Ill., viz.: Tallman Sweeting, Yellow Bellflower, Small Romanite, Large Romanite, Seeknother, Yellow Juneteenth, Golden Russet, Northern Spy, White Winter Pearmain, Winesap, Fallwater, Maiden's Blush, Gross Pomme, Red Canada, Dimpling, Sops of Wine, Brazeau. Some of these, he states, originated in Missouri, but we observe two-thirds are Eastern sorts.—*Country Gentleman*.

RECIPE FOR RENEWING THE SKIN.—There is a certain *bœuf* which grows in the East Indies, the outer pod of which has a quality very much prized by the women of those countries. On the lessening of their beauty of complexion, by sunburn or by the eruption of any disease, they gather this nut, take the rind, or pod, and rub it well upon the face. The juice is first corrosive and the flesh swells and inflames under it, and then turns black. The patient is at this time a horrible object and the universal custom is a most tedious concealment till the process is past. In about two weeks, however, the old skin peels off, and the renewed one makes its appearance—as rosy, as delicate and as fair as that of an infant. At the cost of five days of suffering, and fifteen days of secret concealment the face is thus restored to fading beauty.

REMEDIES.

MASSON'S OIL FOR WOUNDS, &c.—I have long been in possession of a recipe for an oil for the cure of corked hoofs and wounds of horses: Take 2 oz. rock salt, 2 oz. of copperas, 2 oz. white vitriol, 8 oz. of sale molasses, 4 pint linseed oil, 1 pint of chamber ley. Pulverize and boil the above together fifteen minutes; then add 4 oz. spirits turpentine, and 1 oz. oil of vitriol, and bottle it up, and when cold it is fit for use. Shake the bottle before using it. Bathe the wound once or twice a day, and dry it in with a hot shovel.

I have kept and used this liniment, which is here known as "Masson's Oil," for the past ten years to a good account.

REMEDY FOR GARTER IN COWS.—I had, a few days since, a new milk cow, whose bag was very badly caked—so much so, that the usual remedies of cold water, soap-suds, spirits camphor, &c., had no effect upon it. I asked our family physician for a prescription, who gave me this:

1 part aqua ammonia,

2 parts sweet oil,

well rubbed in twice daily. In two days a cure was effected.—*Corres. Country Gentleman*.

Useful Receipts.

TO REMOVE FRESH INK SPOTS.—A farmer's "gude wife" assures me—in addition to which I have seen it successfully tried—that fresh ink spots may be removed by the following method, namely: Covering the part stained with, or submerging it under, a little warm milk—the newer the better—from fire to ten minutes; then rinse and wash with soft water. It is a very cheap and simple process, and efficacious within.—*Country Gentleman*.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—Take the whites of two eggs, and beat them with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg; then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

REMEDIY FOR LEAKS.—A correspondent of the Lynn News says:—"Some years ago I had a leaking 'L.' Every north-east storm drove its waters in. I made a composition of four pounds of resin, one pint linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, applied it hot with a brush to the part where the L joined the main house. It has never leaked since. I then recommended the composition to my neighbor, who had a L-shaped window which leaked badly. He applied it and the leak stopped. I made my water tank tight by this composition, and have recommended it for chimneys, windows, &c., and it has always proved a cure for a leak."

PREVENTING INCRUSTATION IN BOILERS.—R. McCafferty, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, patented a new process for this purpose on the 14th of April, 1857. It consists in putting half a pound of black gum catechu in a boiler of 100-horse power, until the water becomes the color of pale brandy, and during the week the water is kept as nearly that color as possible, by adding small pieces of catechu from time to time.—So long as this color is kept up, no incrustation forms; and in boilers where there is already an incrustation, its application gradually decomposes the lime, and it falls down, and is deposited in a kind of slush at the bottom, which may easily be washed away through the blow-off cock.

PRESERVING RAILROAD TIMBERS.—Mr. J. Scotton, of Newark, Ohio, says:—"I would suggest a cheap plan for increasing the durability of railroad ties and other timbers in exposed situations:—Make a cheap, long tank with a furnace in it, and place it on a railroad car. Fill it with coal tar, (which is to be obtained at any of the gas works for \$1.50 a barrel,) and bring it to a boiling heat. Now introduce a set of ties or timbers, and boil them for a short period, raising them up and down by some simple contrivance, four or five times, when undergoing the operation: then take them out and let them dry for a few days. It will require but a short time to prepare timbers in this manner, and the cost is not worth naming, in comparison with the durability imparted to them over those laid down in their natural condition. One set of tar-prepared ties will last three times longer than an unprepared set. Fence posts should also